

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The formation of a cooperative marketing association for fruits and vegetables was announced on August 12. In view of the recent mergers,

Cooperative Marketing

under the control of banking interests, for the control of meat and other food-stuffs, the report attracted considerable notice. The association was incorporated in Delaware under the name of the United Growers of America; the chairman of the board is Julius H. Barnes, well known for his work in connection with the United States Chamber of Commerce, and one of its members is William M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture in the Coolidge Administration. Another member is Mr. Robert W. Bingham, of Louisville, who has done much to foster the cooperative movement in the South. It was stated that the incorporators had been in communication with the Secretary of Agriculture and with the chairman of the Federal Farm Board and that the program had received the approval of these officials. On the following day, however, the Farm Board denied that it had given any endorsement, and stated that it had no information whatever about the United Growers. The attorney for the Growers explained that this denial simply meant that the Farm

Board had given no official approval. In view of the prominence of the incorporators, it was felt that the United Growers would exercise an important influence on the processes of the cooperative marketing of food stuffs.

Conflicting reports on tariff rates proposed by the Senate Finance Committee continued to issue from Washington. On August 11, it was said that accepting the advice of his Republican colleagues Senator Smoot had abandoned the idea of securing a sliding scale on sugar, and would stand for a flat rate. No agreement, however, had been reached by the middle of the week. Over the protest of the Democrats, an important concession was made to wool growers when the duties on imported waste wool were trebled.

A report issued from Washington by the Association against the Prohibition Amendment pictured a steady rise in liquor consumption and intemperance during the last eight years. Graphs and tables were presented to show more arrests for drunkenness, a larger number of cases of acute alcoholism, and an increase in alcoholic insanity. The number of deaths due to alcoholism, it was claimed, "has now risen to the pre-war level."

Earthquakes of varying intensity extended over five States in the Eastern part of the country early in the morning of August 13. Tremors were felt in New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. The most complete report was registered at the seismograph station at Canisius College, Buffalo. According to the director, the Rev. John P. Delaney, S.J., the center of the disturbance was at a point about 200 miles south of that city. No great damage was caused by the tremors.

Austria.—Much interest and publicity centered around the discovery of arms in the castle of Prince Ernst Rudinger von Starhemberg. Wild rumors of a possible putsch in the autumn were circulated. Heimwehrism Msgr. Ignaz Seipel, former Chancellor, in a speech at Tübingen on "Democracy and its Critics" gave some interesting sidelights on the real significance of these happenings. He stated that the people were governed not by the parliament but by the political parties. This was particularly true in Austria where the political parties were organizations wielding power over parliament itself. When the parties in question happened to be an economical organization or the representatives of a class of people then it became a real menace, since the leaders were also influential officials in

economic and social life. As a consequence of this unlimited influence the party leaders held nothing sacred. "In Austria," Dr. Seipel said, "we have a great popular movement attempting to liberate democracy from party tyranny. I do not criticize any one party but all who adopt this undemocratic system. That and that only is the reason for the existence of the Heimwehr which opposes the Socialists because they alone advocate the present system." Dr. Seipel admitted that the Heimwehr required military discipline of its members, not for the sake of militarism, but for the advantage of discipline. They recognize the danger of becoming a political party instead of fighting against party abuses. Discipline alone can save them from this. Such an explanation might throw light on the defiance of Prince von Starhemberg and quiet the anticipations of the alarmists.

China.—The Russian entanglement continued unsettled. The informal conferences between representatives of the Soviet and Nanking Governments were suspended and though this was not interpreted as definitely doing away with the chance for a settlement, nevertheless, it was ominous. A deadlock in negotiations seemed permanent, so long as Moscow insisted that before terms for a final settlement of the disputed problem could be entertained the *status quo* of the Chinese Eastern Railway should be restored and the Nanking Government refused to accede to this demand. Much of the information about the situation continued to come through Tokio sources, and lacked further confirmation. At most, some desultory engagements between Chinese and Russians along the border had occurred, but they had assumed no international significance. It was reported that Russia had increased her forces, naval and military, near the outposts of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, the main point of contention, and that an invasion of Harbin was threatening. It was announced from Moscow that the authorities were taking steps to establish a formal "special Far Eastern army" to include all of the Red forces east of Lake Baikal, and that the new army would be under the command of General Vassili Constantinovich Blücher, recently commander of the Red army in the Ukraine.

Meanwhile, Dr. T. V. Soong, Finance Minister, who had announced his resignation from the Cabinet because, as he said, it was impossible to make any economic headway while enormous armies were eating up eighty-five per cent of the revenues, agreed to remain in office, provided that immediate measures should be taken to reduce the standing army by half, to adopt a rigid budget system, and to grant the Finance Minister some voice in Government expenditures, as well as in raising funds.—It was understood that the United States and the other Powers, who had been petitioned by China in late April to surrender their "extraterritorial rights," had sent official replies to the request to Nanking, and that though sympathetic they were unfavorable, based mainly on the contention that China was not yet in a situation to guarantee justice to foreigners in Chinese courts.

Colombia.—Recent press reports of Communist uprisings in the Republic of Colombia were said to be unfounded according to cable advices received by certain banking interests from their representatives in the Republic. The report declared that there was a certain amount of unemployment due to the curtailment of the national Government's public works program. As a result, a few dismissed workmen attacked isolated villages, but the Government checked the situation at once. A representative of the *Realitor*, a newspaper published at Cali, Colombia, sent the following statement concerning the activities of the Communists in Colombia: "Communism does not exist in Colombia with the exception of small groups. It seems that the political interests are exploiting the communistic farce around the coming Presidential election. The alleged difficulties are coming from the absurd fiscal policy of the nation."

Costa Rica.—It was reported that on August 14 a bill was drafted in the Costa Rican Congress making religious education compulsory in the public schools and providing for the employment of Jesuits to teach the Catholic faith to the children. The petition was signed by approximately fifty priests. The argument made by those advocating this new provision is that approximately ninety-five per cent of the population is Catholic and that, according to the constitution of Costa Rica, the Catholic Faith is the state religion. The church receives subsidies from the government and five priests are members of Congress. The Catholic lay population was alarmed at the increasing number of Protestant missions and schools and desired to take some measures to protect the Faith of the children by teaching them Catholic doctrine in the schools. Former President Ricardo Jiminez, and the present Chief Executive, Gonzalez Viquez, have declared their opposition to the bill. It is generally believed that President Viquez will veto it when it comes up in Congress.—A law imposing a new export tax on bananas and restrictions on cultivation was passed by the Congress recently. The United Fruit Company and other foreign producers and exporters were directly affected.

Czechoslovakia.—The usual Hus celebrations of July 6 disappeared entirely in the wave of general interest created by the *Orel* ("Eagles", Catholic gymnasts) displays the second (adult) part of which took place July 5-8. Cardinal Bourne's visit made a profound impression, while the success of the gymnasts was hailed by the foreign press. Some 50,000 persons were brought to Prague by special train, and some 100,000 to 110,000 persons were present either as gymnasts or as spectators. The Socialist leader, M. Bechyne, began to discuss in the press the possibility of a revision of the Socialist program in the direction of religious tolerance and coalition with the Catholics.

A crux was reached in the trial of Professor Tuka, the Slovakian autonomist, on August 13, when the defense

Communist
Strength
Denied

Catholic
School
Bill

Russian
Relations

Nanking's
Problems

Orels

Trial of Tuka demanded the production of the original declaration, framed in 1918, under which the Slovaks consented to throw in their lot with the Czechs and form the Czechoslovak Republic. This was supposed to contain a secret clause under which, if the Slovaks had not attained full autonomy within ten years, the whole relation of the Czechs to the Slovaks would have to be reconsidered. Professor Tuka contended that from December, 1928, there was a *vacuum juris* between the two races. The Court declined, however, to demand production of the original documents. Father Hlinka, head of the Slovak People's party, warned foreign correspondents against the unfairness of the semi-official Czechoslovak Press Bureau in reporting the trial.

Attempts made since the War to win over the Catholic population to the Orthodox Serbian Church seem to have failed conspicuously, since there are still to be found (in the Republic) five times as many Catholics as non-Catholics. The following numbers were reported in the recent religious census: Catholics, 10,110,547; Greek Orthodox, 175,942; Czech Nationals, 519,197; Protestants, 774,672; Old Catholics, 36,580; Jews, 213,227; Unclassified, 675,351. Racially considered, the Catholics were divided into roughly, 5,000,000 Czechs; 1,500,000 Slovaks; and 3,000,000 Germans.

France.—Communist agitators, frustrated in their attempted demonstration of August 1, endeavored to cause a disturbance on August 12 among workers in a new branch of the Paris subway. They entered the excavation and demanded that the laborers lay down their tools in protest against the preventive measures taken by the police and Republican Guards on August 1. M. Chiappe, Prefect of Police, and André Tardieu, Minister of the Interior, who were responsible for the drive on the Communists, were especially singled out and denounced as the leaders in the "Fascist" policy of the Government. The subway workers refused to be intimidated, and after a skirmish in which a few shots were exchanged, the agitators escaped.

Germany.—The tenth anniversary of the proclamation of the Weimar Constitution was celebrated throughout the Reich on August 11 with speeches at the Reichstag, outdoor festivals and gala performances in the opera houses. Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden, Munich, Koenigsberg and other cities vied with each other in their enthusiastic demonstration of faith in the republican charter. Even the Nationalist press refrained from the usual criticism of "Constitution Day" and the only discordant note issued from the Communist organ *Rote Fahne*. The Red organ, however, was promptly confiscated. Minister of the Interior Carl Severing delivered the principal speech at the celebration in the Reichstag. He stated that the progress of democracy in Germany under the Constitution was strongly manifested in the consciousness of the working people that they have a share in the new State. Further progress of Republican principles in Germany, he be-

lieved, would measurably contribute to fortifying internal peace. Lusty cheering for the German Republic was led by General Groener, Minister of Defense. President von Hindenburg, who attended the ceremonies, later reviewed an honor guard of Reichwehr. The threatened Communist outbreak in Berlin was prevented by the vigilance of the police. Nationalist organizations took no notice of the anniversary and uniformed members of the *Stahlhelm* ostentatiously left Berlin for the day.

Great Britain.—Controversy over the Prayer Book of 1928 continued in the clerical portions of the Established Church. The resolution which would grant permission and full authority to any clergyman to use the Revised Prayer Book if he should so desire, will be submitted to the Church Assembly during September. This resolution was moved at the Convocations of both Canterbury and York and was accepted by a large majority of the Bishops and a satisfactory majority of the clergy. The vote of the Bishops and clergy was a gesture of opposition to the House of Commons which, on two occasions, rejected the Revised Prayer Book. In the recent Convocations, it was admitted that the revised manual had failed to secure statutory sanction. As a result, it could not be advanced as the authorized book of the Anglican Church. But it was accepted as a legitimate variation of the traditional Prayer Book of 1662. At the Bishop's meeting, Dr. William Barnes, of Birmingham, spokesman of the Modernist group, introduced an amendment that would tend to nullify the clerical acceptance of the new manual. His opinions were expressed in such fashion that they forced the Archbishop of Canterbury to rebuke him publicly for his utterances at that time and on previous occasions. Later, Bishop Barnes, in his own diocese, forbade the continuance of certain High Church practices, in language that one of his clergymen characterized as "shocking to a great majority of Church people," and that others considered blasphemous. The Bishops appointed a committee to consider the Parliamentary rejection of the 1928 Prayer Book from all its angles. This has been interpreted by some as the first definite step towards the disestablishment of the Anglican Church.

No hope of action on the part of the Labor Government in regard to Catholic educational demands was entertained during the recent session of Parliament. During the general-election campaign, the Bishops advocated making the Catholic-school question a non-partisan issue and submitted a questionnaire to the Parliamentary candidates. The Conservatives gave some assurances of support to the Catholic demands for just treatment, but the Labor party avoided any specific promises, though individual Labor candidates pledged themselves to the issue. Of the twenty-five Catholic members elected to Parliament, seventeen belong to the Labor party. In the late session, a non-Catholic Liberal member asked the Minister for Education, Sir Charles Trevelyan, if he was aware of the educational disabilities under which Catholics were suffering and if he was prepared to take any action in the matter.

Sir Charles replied that he was aware of the situation, but that the status of Catholic schools was only part of the larger question of all the non-provided schools and that it could not be effectively dealt with until all the parties interested had reached an agreement. Despite the efforts of other members, Labor and Conservative, the Minister could not be persuaded to add to his statement.

Italy.—The provisions of the Concordat and the enabling legislation in the civil code concerning marriages were put into effect on August 8. Hereafter no civil ceremony is required in the case of persons married by a priest, and the officiating clergyman furnishes the marriage certificate, provides for the registration in the civil records, and explains the civil effects of the contract.

Jugoslavia.—The exchange of notes with Bulgaria continued. Sophia complained that Jugoslavia has done nothing for three months toward settling the frontier disputes which should have been regulated by the unratified Pirot Conventions. She urged that these Pirot proposals be adopted at least temporarily while negotiations were reopened on the question of a neutral frontier zone.

Peru.—When Augusto B. Leguia is formally inaugurated as President of Peru on October 12, for a five-year term, it will mark the beginning of his eleventh consecutive year in that position. All told Mr. Leguia has been sixteen years in the chair of the presidency. President Leguia is sixty-six years of age, vigorous, active and an indefatigable worker. He first held the position of Chief Executive from 1908 to 1912 as candidate of the Constitutional and Civic parties.

Spain.—Replying to an invitation of Premier de Rivera, to take part in the sessions of the National Assembly for the discussion of the new Constitution, the Labor Union Congress refused, August 13, to share in the deliberations, and issued a manifesto declaring in favor of a republican form of government. The Labor Union Congress does not represent the labor syndicalists but is largely composed of Socialists and other "liberals."

League of Nations.—Nominations of candidates released by the League Secretariat on August 14 rendered it fairly certain that the vacancies on the bench of the Permanent Court of International Justice (World Court), caused respectively by the death of the British member, Viscount Finlay, and the French member, André Weiss, would be filled by Sir Cecil Hurst and Henri Fromageot. Both of these were legal advisers of both Britain and France on The Hague bench, and were members of the committee of jurists which functioned last March. Italy offered different nominations.—Peru gave notice on August 12 that she would re-enter the League. Peru had

withdrawn in 1921, in protest against the election of Augustin Edwards of Chile to the League Council.

Reparations Question.—The ultimatum of Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, summarized in last week's Chronicle, was vigorously supported by the British press of every political shade and just as roundly condemned by the united French press. Italy, also, objected. After the first outburst, however, better feeling prevailed; especially after Mr. Snowden had apologized to M. Chéron, head of the French delegation, for the use of the words "grotesque and ridiculous" in connection with M. Chéron's views. The revival of the \$1,000,000,000 claim was dropped. Hope was held out that means would be found for satisfying Mr. Snowden's demand for a shifting of 80,000,000 marks a year from Germany's conditional payments to the unconditional class, thus enabling a conversion satisfactory to British needs. The crux rested in his requirement of 45,000,000 marks *more* a year annuities (\$10,800,000), which represents the balance between the Spa annuities of 1,000,000,000 marks and the Young Plan allotment of 55,000,000 marks. Where could this be found, especially by France? it was asked. Various conjectures were mooted. In the meanwhile, Mr. Snowden stood firm, without disturbance from Premier MacDonald, though the latter was said to favor moderation.

In contrast to the financial deadlock, agreement was said to have been soon reached in the diplomatic or political committee with regard to the evacuation of the Rhineland. On August 9, Dr. Joseph K. Wirth, German Minister of Occupied Regions, at a meeting of this committee, strongly denounced the plan of establishing a commission of international control for the now occupied regions after evacuation had taken place—the plan to which the French have strongly adhered. On this, and on the decisions of the financial committee, the actual settlement on evacuation would depend.

The Red movement outside of Russia has subsided into a drab sameness of hopeless futility, threadbare slogans and stereotyped gestures. This is the lesson gained in personal investigation by E. M. Almedingen. The story will be told next week in "That Scarlet Sameness."

The last article in Father Denges' series on "Romeward Tendencies in Norway," will tell the tale of the last years and the gradual building up of the lost Catholicism in the North.

"The Jesuit Theater in Vienna," by Maria Pokorny, will bring out some little-known facts about a vigorous dramatic movement in Austria in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

A biologist, Dr. Richard A. Muttkowski, will recount the mind history of a friend of his who "denies the miracle of creation but achieves the greater miracle of a self-creating universe." His paper will be called "So and Not So."

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Eyes That See and Ears That Hear

EDUCATION, as Father Martindale told his audience of college students in Melbourne, is something more than "the filling of the mind with facts" and more, even, than "the helping of the mind to form right judgments about those facts." It should provide "good principles for assessing the facts that we observe."

The Catholic school strives to do all these things, so that in the United States, at least, it is the only school which endeavors to give the child a complete education. In the non-essentials of buildings and equipment, the little parish school, built on Faith and Love, may be inferior to the school maintained by the city. But in all the elements that constitute true education, it is immeasurably superior today, as it has always been, to the proudest secular institution in the land.

This contention will certainly be rejected by the secularist. It is difficult, however, to understand how it can be questioned by any Christian. Indeed, to do them justice, many of the Christian groups can find no excuse for the continuance of the huge system which is rapidly deleting all belief in the supernatural from the hearts of millions of children. They tolerate, but do not approve it, on the general ground that to contrive a method by which the children in the public schools might receive some training in religion, and in at least the elementary precepts of Christian morality, would be exceedingly difficult. Fully realizing that "something must be done," the difficulties connected with doing anything at all seem to paralyze their efforts, and the task is left undone.

Difficult it would be, confessedly, but not impossible. Certainly, it will be infinitely more difficult to repair the ravages which a purely secular training is inflicting upon our country and our people. "Educate men without religion," the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, "and you make them clever devils." The crime record of this country, once Christian in fact as well as in its traditions, furnishes ample proof of the futility of hoping to secure a good citizen by training a child's mind for a

long period of years, while neglecting the needs of his soul. If Christianity is true, the philosophy on which the public school of today rests, is necessarily false. Christ must have His place in the heart and mind of the child. The child must not be deprived of his rich heritage in the knowledge and love of his Saviour.

But is the door of the public school open to Christ?

Dare the public school teach but one little child the love of Christ Jesus that surpasseth all knowledge and all understanding?

No Catholic parent can hesitate in the choice of a school for his child. On peril of his soul, he dare not. False is he to his God, to his Church, to the duty which he owes his child, if he freely entrusts him to any but the Catholic school.

You and I

AN interesting and, in some respects, amusing report of a study of telephone vocabularies, has been made by Messrs. R. N. French, and Walter Koenig, Jr., engineers on the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. These gentlemen tabulated for frequency 79,390 words, heard in five hundred telephone conversations. They conclude that about 2,240 words are used over the telephone, a number which is surprisingly high. In the order of frequency, the twenty-five leading words are, I, you, the, a, on, to, that, it, is, and, get, will, of, in, he, we, they, see, have, for, know, don't, do, are, want. "I" was used, 3,999 and "you," 3,540 times, and these two words make up about ten per cent of the telephone vocabulary. "He" is fifteenth on the list, but "she" does not appear at all among the first twenty-five words.

Printed English, as recorded in a study of 80,000 words made some ten years ago by Godfrey Dewey, presents, quite naturally, some striking variations. "The" is the word used most frequently, while "I" falls to the tenth place. Godfrey's twenty-five words are, the, of, and, to, a, in, that, it, is, I, for, be, was, as, you, with, he, on, have, by, not, at, this, are, we.

Doubtless, the trained psychologist can draw conclusions that are valuable from this and similar studies. One obvious conclusion is that most of us are more personal when telephoning than when writing, and that we use the verb "see" in a variety of derived meanings. Perhaps another is that we never know how few words are needed to take us through life peacefully. A thoughtful man once said that he never worried about the words which he left unsaid. But that conclusion we advance with hesitation, seeing that the purpose of many an untiring teacher of English is to induce the pupil to increase his vocabulary. Probably, however, the teacher will agree that the pupil need not draw upon his resources, except under the stress of necessity.

Finally, as reflecting the point of view of the moralist interested in education, it may be said that what our young people—and the rest of us, as well—most sorely need, is the ability to use "will" and "won't." After all, "won't" power is merely another form of will power.

Salvation by Commission

SPEAKING before the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia last week, Dr. Raymond Moley, of Columbia, bade us not expect too much from the President's Crime Commission. And when he "expressed some doubt as to the value of investigations made by commissions that are part of the Government," Dr. Moley shrewdly and surely pointed out the factor that has vitiated the proceedings of dozens of similar commissions set up in this country, these twenty years and more. How many a commission, chartered by Congress or a State legislature, has begun with the blare of trumpets, only to sink into insignificance after its third session, and into the grave of forgotten projects before the expiration of a year!

We cling, however, to our determination to hope for the best from the President's Commission, even though, in a sense, it is "part of the Government." The very fact that it exists, as the result of a campaign promise, serves to bring to the notice of trusting and unsuspecting citizens the existence of the huge evils which, by presumption, it will strive to destroy. Dr. Moley observes that the Commission can prove whatever it may wish to prove, as can any private citizen, "provided that he can get the right statistician."

But events of the last few weeks allow us to believe that Mr. Wickersham will not rest satisfied with mere statistics, however complete or pertinent they may seem to be, or with graphs, however neatly projected. By placing himself at the head of the sub-committee which will consider the enforcement of Prohibition, he gives assurance that this topic, at least, will be thoroughly investigated. His diagnosis and recommendations will then rest in the lap of Congress—which is not a cheering thought. Fundamentally, however, as Dr. Moley said at Charlottesville, "the question of law enforcement cannot be solved by any commission." Out of the mass of its recommendations, some will be found that are both useful, and acceptable to our legislatures. All others must take their chance.

The roots of the disorder have struck too deep to be removed by the *fiat* of a branch of the Government. The professions must join with the legislatures, and with every uplifting element in the community, first for the removal of gross disorders, so far as these will yield to such action, and then for the gradual establishment of conditions under which the training of a generation voluntarily pledged to reject what is evil and to choose what is good, may be counted among the normal functionings of society.

Reform of the courts and of procedure, particularly in criminal causes, are crying needs. Legislatures summoned for the express purpose of repealing statutes which in plain fact merely make the administration of justice trebly difficult, is a device that has appealed to some of our Governors; nor would it be difficult to enumerate dozens of similar plans, of which many would doubtless effect the good purposes at which they aim. With all this stirring, we are in sympathy, yet we cannot but feel that unless another agency, religion, be accorded its proper

place in the life of the nation and of its people, most of it will be in vain.

The peace, the good order, the truest and most lasting prosperity of any community, must ultimately depend upon the preservation of a citizenry self-determined to what is just and true. Prosperity cannot be secured by treasures of material wealth, and goodness cannot be maintained by a policeman's club. Unless the Lord keep the city, they labor in vain that guard it. God grant that the truth which enlightened the Fathers of this Republic shine once more upon their sons.

Martha Moore Avery

"THE solidly packed crowd, extending far beyond the shade of the giant tree, and out to the center of the Mall," reports the *Boston Pilot*, for August 10, "was a sight that gladdened the hearts of Catholics on Boston Common last Sunday." One of the speakers at that meeting of the Boston Catholic Truth Guild was Martha Moore Avery.

Four days later, Death, God's messenger, came to her suddenly, and the veteran campaigner for Christ went forth to receive the crown reserved for all who have fought the good fight.

Martha Moore Avery, author, lecturer, educator, formerly a militant Socialist of the school of Marx, but a Catholic by God's grace for a quarter of a century, was born of distinguished Colonial ancestry at Steuben, Maine, on April 6, 1851. From her young womanhood, her interest in social and economic problems was keen, and for seven years she directed the Karl Marx class, connected with the First Nationalist Club, in Boston. Genuinely zealous for the welfare of mankind, she at length discerned the essential inhumanity of a creed which by destroying love of God, destroyed the most appealing motive which man can have for love of his neighbor. After years of study and prayer, the light of the Faith shone upon her, and on May 1, 1904, she was received into the fold of the Catholic Church.

The remaining years of her life constituted a veritable apostolate. With eloquent tongue and able pen, she strove to spread the Gospel of Christ, praying that the same Divine Providence which had led her to the source of light and haven of peace would guide aright the steps of those who yet wandered in the darkness. Well did she know, as Leo XIII had insisted, that while the wounds of humanity were many and deep, they could never be healed save by a return to the saving principles of Jesus Christ. Kindly, sympathetic, and understanding, in all her contacts with bewildered seekers after the light, she never yielded to the facile, yet inevitably fatal, method of conciliating a mocking or a hostile world by minimizing the principles and purposes of the Catholic Church. Unashamed of the Gospel, firm in her belief that in Christ alone is our healing, she was a *Catholic* always.

In collaboration with Mr. David Goldstein, she wrote "Socialism: The Nation of Fatherless Children," "Campaigning for Christ," and numerous magazine articles, of which many have been reprinted in pamphlet

form. For the last fifteen years, she was closely associated with the Boston Catholic Truth Guild, and with the Common Cause Society, and at the time of her death she was president of both organizations. Her lectures on social, economic and religious topics, not confined to Boston or to New England, made her a national figure.

Keen, vigorous, alert, almost to the end, no one could meet Martha Moore Avery without the realization that he had come in touch with a truly selfless and devoted personality. Tongue and pen at last are silent, but her works live on, and her associates will draw inspiration from their recollection of her zealous, sacrificing life. We lay this tribute, inadequate yet sincere, on her grave, and as we pray that the Master may speedily bring her into a place of peace, refreshment and light, so do we beg our readers to remember her at the altar and in their prayers. R. I. P.

Organized Labor Progresses

SOME fifty years ago, in search of a topic on which he might spend the forces of his exuberant oratory, Henry Ward Beecher exclaimed: "Labor unions! They are the worst forms of despotism that were ever bred by the human mind!"

Beecher passed on, but the unions are still with us. Indeed, according to a report made last week to the executive committee of the American Federation of Labor by President William Green, the numerical increase in the membership of the local unions in the year just closed, is exceedingly gratifying.

Whether the labor union will grow in influence as well as in numbers, will depend upon a variety of circumstances. The right-minded employer should be as interested in the growth of the union as deeply and as sincerely as the humblest toiler. Too often are the employer and the employe envisioned as members of bitterly hostile camps, and all too often has the vision been justified by facts prevailing at the time. Leo XIII, knowing well that "rights must be respected wherever they exist," strove to convince both camps of the existence of innumerable rights and interests in common. With no bias inclining him to either group, the Pontiff inculcated upon capital and labor alike, fidelity to the duties imposed by justice and charity.

That the labor union, as we have it in the United States, has been of immense benefit to the worker, is undeniable. By securing respect for his rights, it has also benefited the employer and the general public. No good, but only harm, can come to the community in which one class is allowed to ride rough-shod over the rights of another, and if the union has done nothing else it deserves well for its fight against the concept that a nation's truest prosperity is to be estimated in terms of national wealth. Furthermore, in the present condition of the labor market—to use a sinister but correct term—the union is an absolute necessity, and we do not see what could take its place. Despite the protest of sane philosophy, labor is still a commodity, bought and sold in the lowest market. The union offers the individual worker the sole practicable

escape from this humiliating condition. Backed by his fellows, he can bargain for his services, and thus secure the equality without which there can be no true and binding contract.

At the same time, we are not blind and have never been blind, to the shortcomings of organized labor. The policy of Gompers, who ruled the Federation as an absolute if beneficent tyrant, was far from flawless, especially in his later years. There was much of the opportunist in Gompers, and the wonder is that in his lack of fixed and valid principles applicable to social and economic problems, his lapses were so few.

We are disposed to give the present administration the benefit of every doubt, not for its own sake, but for the sake of justice to the worker. We shall continue in that disposition, although up to the present, no brilliant strokes of genius have flashed across our vision, and we have been forced to witness not a few instances of inanity and stupidity. The American labor union is not yet the union contemplated by Leo XIII, or by Catholic thinkers. In its studious aloofness from religion, it not only runs counter to the theory and practice of many of its members, but deprives itself of labor's chief source of strength and power.

Furthermore, it cannot be denied that many still hold to the wild indictment made by Beecher in the days when the Civil War Amendments threatened to deprive him of all subjects for his sermons. Our friendship for the union, and our determination to support it whenever possible, perhaps entitle us to warn the American Federation of Labor that it will pour much oil upon troubled waters, if it can devise effective means of checking refractory unions whose excesses and stupidity all but equal those which have been manifested by the most hide-bound of capitalists.

A Dollar Down a Dollar Lost.

THE deferred-payment plan as applied to the purchase of non-essential commodities may become a delusion and a snare—especially a snare. "There is no limit to the purchases that may be made for one dollar down and one dollar a week," said Mr. E. J. Ryan, president of the New York Commercial Agency, at a recent convention. "This condition means financial ruin for thousands of families depending on a weekly wage."

It is high time that this warning was issued. We hope that it will be followed. But with thousands of firms anxious to sell anything from a cloisonné vase to an eight-cylinder limousine, "on terms arranged for your convenience," it may be that Mr. Ryan is waving the danger signal in vain.

The deferred-payment plan is like borrowing money at interest. Sometimes it is inevitable, but the young man who begins life with a horror of debt begins with a valuable capital. Certainly he will not go into debt to purchase anything but an absolute necessity. Costly radio sets, an automobile used exclusively for pleasure trips, and mink coats, can hardly be classified by most of us as necessities.

Romeward Tendencies in Norway

Q. BENEDICT DENGES, C.S.S.R.

II. Harbingers of Spring

IN the last scene depicting the overthrow of the Old Faith in Norway, the advent of Lutheranism was likened to the setting in of a winter, long, cold, and dreary. In this study of the Church in Norway, there is no need of dwelling upon that prolonged winter night. Passing over all that endless desert of frost, we take our stand where the first streaks of dawn announce the end of the three-centuries-old night of gloom, and herald in at last the joyful day of the long-awaited second spring.

For a proper understanding of this marvelous story of how the Church in Norway *was not*, and how the Church in Norway *was* once again—to adapt a phrase of Cardinal Newman—we must have some idea of Norway's varying political fortunes during the past century and a quarter. The Kingdom of Norway was practically a Danish province from 1537 (the year that Norwegian Independence rode out into exile with the banished Catholic Bishops) until 1807, when it was granted a form of autonomous administration. In January, 1814, Sweden forced the Treaty of Kiel upon Denmark, whereby Norway passed from the Danish to the Swedish crown—a change that was never popular in Norway.

A few months after the treaty, on May 17, Norwegian leaders held a National Diet at Eidsvold, a city some miles north of Christiania, where a Constitution was adopted and a king chosen in the person of the popular Danish prince, Christian Frederick. Frequent misunderstandings made relations tense between the Swedish Government and the Storting, the Norwegian Parliament, which was wont to assume more power each year, particularly since 1884. The bent bow reached the breaking point on June 7, 1905, when the Storting declared Norway's union with Sweden at an end. Mars threateningly unsheathed his sword over both countries; but, fortunately, there was no need of beating ploughshares into swords or of fashioning spades into lances. Arbitration kept the sword in the scabbard. At the Convention of Karlstad, September 23, 1905, an amicable agreement was reached whereby Norway took her place in the family of nations.

These few facts understood, we can readily see why in this study of Catholicism in Norway, mention must occasionally be made of Sweden. In fact, we may well begin our story with a scene occurring in Stockholm, some time in June, 1823. It is a scene of a happy couple just starting out on the journey of marital life. Crown Prince Oscar of Sweden (the future Oscar I, 1844-1859) was bringing home his newly-won Catholic bride, Princess Josephine, daughter of Prince Eugene von Leuchtenberg. In the retinue was a young priest, recently appointed confessor and chaplain to the Princess.

During the fifty years that Father Jacob Lorenz Studach held his official position at court, he took an

active part in bringing back the Old Faith to Sweden and Norway, of which countries he was appointed Vicar Apostolic on August 10, 1833. Handicapped in every way by the disabilities under which Catholics were placed, he nevertheless succeeded in 1835 in commencing the erection at Stockholm of the first Catholic church in Sweden since the sixteenth century. The spirit of the time we may fairly gauge by recalling that, until 1860, Swedish law imposed immediate banishment upon converts to the Church—a circumstance that may explain why as late as 1880, there were scarcely 810 Catholics in the whole of Sweden.

In 1842, the French Consul General at Christiania, M. Mure de Pellane, was blessed by heaven with a baby. Desirous of having the infant baptized by a priest, but knowing that for centuries priests were forbidden under penalty of death to set foot in Norway, he used his influence with King Louis Philippe of France. A courteous exchange of notes between the French court and King Charles XIV of Sweden (Marshal Bernadotte of France, who wore the Swedish crown 1818-1844) made it possible for Father Gottfried Montz, then attached to the Catholic Mission at Stockholm, to enter the forbidden land. For the first time in three hundred years a Catholic priest was *officially* authorized to perform a Catholic ceremony in Norway.

The handful of Catholics in Christiania and vicinity were so overjoyed at the sight of a spiritual father that, like the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, they constrained their guest to stay with them. It devolved upon Father Montz to build up the ruined altar, re-light the lamp of the sanctuary, raise the dismantled pulpit, and gather around him his little flock. In 1843, the Catholics were allowed to form a provisional parish, with permission to conduct only private services. This makeshift arrangement, standing or falling with the Government's will, was not much. But it was something; it marked the breaking of the ice, one of spring's infallible harbingers.

We must grasp from the first this character in the political development of Norway as distinct from Sweden; that it leaned toward religious toleration far in advance of Sweden. Only in 1860 was the penalty of exile lifted for Swedes entering the Catholic Church; while until 1873 no Swedish citizen could leave the Lutheran State Church. Norway, however, published her Edict of Toleration on July 15, 1845. Laws against Catholics began to fall into disregard and dissuetude. By virtue of the edict, Catholics were acknowledged as legally existing, with the right to hold *public* religious services.

Availing himself of the larger freedom, Msgr. Studach acquired ground in Christiania for a church. The fewness and dire poverty of the Catholics advised the postponement of building the edifice at once. A provisional

arrangement had to suffice for the time being. The house of a Polish immigrant was rented; one large room was converted into a chapel; another into a classroom; and four smaller rooms were set aside for two priests—should such a blessing ever be sent. At the time, there were hardly more than 300 Catholics in all of Norway.

Churches, as a rule, cannot be built without money. Possessing no wand which he could wave and thereby bring in the needed funds, Msgr. Studach lifted his eyes, like another David, to the mountains, whence help should come to him. God rewarded his confidence. At this time, a proverbially ill wind was blowing in Austria. The Revolution of 1848 had closed about ten Redemptorist establishments and sent into exile some eighty-seven Fathers. The Vicar Apostolic of Norway and Sweden wrote to Father von Bruchmann, the Austrian Provincial, asking him for the services of one or two of his subjects. Fathers Sigismund Schrot and John Nepomucene Jenc (Jentsch) were designated. To receive their official appointment, the two Redemptorists repaired to Munich, where in the presence of the Nuncio, Msgr. Sacconi, and the Archbishop of Munich, Karl August, Count of Reisach, Father Schrot was named "Pastor of the Norwegian Mission" and his companion was given the name of "chaplain."

We may remark here that Father Schrot was the first Catholic pastor in all of Norway since the Lutheran revolt of the sixteenth century. While these scenes were being enacted, that is, in the early part of the year 1849, war was raging between Prussia and Denmark, a circumstance that made the journey to Christiania one of peril and serious inconvenience. For example, the two priests, taken for spies, were compelled to pass the night of May 4 in the police station at Berlin; in the morning, only after a minute examination, were they permitted to resume their journey. May 20 finally found them the welcome guests of Msgr. Studach of Stockholm.

Two days later they reached the Norwegian capital, where they began to exercise their priestly duties on Pentecost Sunday. They were fortunate enough to meet with a congenial Norwegian instructor, who, we may mention in passing, was vouchsafed the gift of the true Faith. In the presence of Queen Josephine of Sweden and her mother, Father Jenc preached his first Norwegian sermon on September 16, 1849, to the evident joy and satisfaction of all.

Since the gathering of funds for the new church was the pressing need of the hour, the two Redemptorists, each in turn, undertook for this purpose an extended tour of a goodly portion of continental Europe. Success crowned their efforts. The first stone of St. Olaf's Church, the first Catholic church in Norway since the Lutheran revolt of the sixteenth century, was laid in May, 1852; and four years later, the completed edifice, with its seating capacity of 500 taxed to the utmost, witnessed its splendid and solemn opening. From that day to this, this church has functioned as the heart of the Catholic revival in Norway, pulsating with vitality, and driving through numerous arteries even unto the extremities of the land the rich, life-giving stream of Catholicism.

A study in parallels may well close this chapter of our story. The breakdown of laws adverse to the Church, the partial disintegration of public sentiment against the old Faith, might suggest the image of the ice of the centuries-old winter breaking up and floating downstream on a rising tide, swollen by the myriad rivulets emerging from the melting snow on hill and plain. In the virtuous, happy lives of the new generation of Catholics, in the building of the church, in the old liturgical chant resounding anew in the land, one might see a rebirth after the winter. The hour had struck for the fulfilment of the prophecy: "Behold, I shall make all things new."

But it is the suddenness, the unexpectedness of what seemed an impossible transition, that challenges us. "Behold ye among the nations, and see: wonder and be astonished; for a work is done in your days which no man will believe when it shall be told" (Hab. i, 5). The knell of the winter that once appeared destined to last forever, was already sounding.

The Ugadaga

MYLES CONNOLLY

IN the heart of the Malay Peninsula, in a particularly dark and dowdy area, there is a small spot noted especially for its snakes, called Binku. No white man ever goes there except, now and then, some circus or zoo agent in quest of queer reptiles for side show or museum. For, whatever you may say against Binku, however you may dislike its black jungle slime and plague-ridden darkness, you have to admit that for snakes, there is no place like it.

Pythons, for example, abound there in splendid specimens. You can find them long and sleek, coiled around most any tree and poking their great noses, like the common creatures they are, into every benighted bush, in quest of gossip and hogs and men. The red-eyed copris, with their sensitive duck-like heads, hang sniffing from every limb. The copris, as has been so often told, reveal here as nowhere else their almost human intelligence. When hungry, they will leave their trees and forage in the surrounding bushes for food. They resent very much being burnt alive. They have been known, even, to wriggle under a spear point and have, extraordinary to say, resisted decapitation. These human traits, and many others, revealing their very intimate relation in development to mankind, have been treated at length by the great zoologist Euckner in his monograph, "The Evolution of the Red-eyed Copris."

Professor Grase, in his paper in the *Tibbert Journal*, has revealed with his usual acumen and clarity the far-reaching effect Dr. Euckner's discovery is having on contemporary conceptions of morality and ethics. Indeed, no scientific paper has caused such wide comment since Dr. Raymond Pearl's announcement that the offspring of alcoholic chickens is superior to the offspring of teetotaling chickens.

Professor Grase's article goes far to explain many phenomena that have heretofore puzzled scientists: as, for

example, the undoubted desire certain young boys have to hang by their legs from trees; the impulse to find the missing apple after you have taken a bite from it; the curious sense most people have of, having been in a strange place before; the queer thrill in your spine when looking down from a skyscraper; the disinclination some people have for being insulted in public; tonsils; the sensitiveness of some women when it comes to owning up to a bunion; fingernails; the tendency to stare into flaming fireplaces; the little toe; the working of the mind while you sleep; the belief that seven-eighths of an iceberg is under water; ear lobes; moustaches; dislike of itching undershirts; the ambition of water to seek its own level; heartburn; cold plunges; opera singers; toothaches; metabolic changes with age; robbery; murder; and arson.

I mention these details merely to point out that while Binku is not a spot favored by tourists it, nevertheless, is rich in material for science. All differences between observations of tree life in Binku and other life otherwheres may be readily explained by the fact that all these transformations took millions—yea, billions—of years.

The most remarkable beast in Binku is, as is generally known, the Ugadaga. (The accent is on the second syllable—a point on which the natives of Binku are very sensitive and insistent. The story of the English missionary who put the stress on the initial *U* has been told too often for me to repeat here.) The Ugadaga is so small that it has never been seen by mortal eyes. It escapes the inquisition of the most powerful microscope—even that of the Supra-Luminary Lambreth Microscope at Zurich. Yet, it exists as certainly as does the ether. Its discovery was made much as the discovery of certain heavenly bodies was made. Its influence on the habits of neighboring bodies was noticed and diagrammed. It was then merely a matter of mathematics to locate the Ugadaga exactly and determine its height, weight, center of gravity and blood pressure. Naturally, very little is known of the habits of the Ugadaga. But the little that is known is enough to brand it as the lowest and meanest of all microbes. It is—if I may be pardoned a descent from the poise and disinterestedness so essential to a scientific dissertation—it is, in its sphere, lower than the man who lies to your face, lower, even, than the man who lies behind your back. I make this statement after long and serious consideration. Let us consider the Ugadaga.

The Ugadaga is what is known as a parasite. It lives generally on the back of the Oiliaf, the almost invisible parasite of the only slightly less invisible Bax. The Bax is the smallest microbe ever beheld by man. The petty microbe—one of the pettiest of all microbes, indeed—that gives you a cold in the head, is a gigantic fellow beside the Bax. You can, then, easily imagine the Oiliaf. But the Ugadaga is smaller and baffles, in more ways than one, even the imagination. The Oiliaf is, as is well known, a home-loving microbe. It goes in for large families like the Italians and the Irish. Sometimes it has as many as a hundred thousand little Oiliafs a year. And yet, almost the whole brood is devoured by the Ugadaga. He allows only enough to survive to raise more little

Oiliafs for his devouring. He steals, lies, cheats, slays and devours. All the while he is beyond scrutiny, detection, and punishment. All the while he is invisible!

Now, I think this is a miserable little beast. He dares not face even the investigation of a microscope. Secure in his invisibility, insolent in his safety, he goes about his petty thieving and lying and murdering. He answers to no law or challenge. He is known only by his crimes. He sits, I suppose, fat and sleek, showing his teeth and squinting his eyes in the muck of the evil he accumulates, and gives not a thought to you or to me or the Oiliaf. The red-eyed copris and the pythons are manly creatures beside him. He is the smallest, meanest, most despicable, of all microbes—as I have said.

He goes on in his evil way, in sunshine and in rain, in the noise of day and the quiet of night, Sundays and holidays and weekdays, smugly and snugly and invisibly. Such is the Ugadaga. And such, I think you will agree with me, is a miserable little beast. When I first learned of him, I flew into a fury of exasperation. But that was long ago. I have since found a place and purpose for him. I have discovered that he can be of great help to me. And I pass my secret along to all other young men who are in need of help and consolation.

There is a big, fat, secretive, sneaking, conniving, lying hulk of a man in Missouri whom I detest. He thinks he is somebody and, while fortunately he is not, the idea that he thinks he is somebody irritates me beyond telling. He moves in a certain small circle of hypocrites and ignoramuses that esteems him. Beyond the circle, he is met with little other than silence or contempt or offhand derision. But to all this he is immune. He moves on his slick way, scheming and lying, and is really pompous about it. He has not intelligence enough to understand sarcasm, nor sensibility enough to react to insult.

Now and then, at night when I am tired and hot, I think of this man (I've only met him once) and the thought of him exasperates me. I feel as if there should be some handy agency I could call upon to destroy him. And then, just as my irritation is getting the better of me, just as I am on the point of taking a bromide or a walk in the park, I remember the Ugadaga. And then, I think of this imposter in Missouri, and laugh. . . . I turn off the radio and go to sleep.

Again, in Illinois, there is a flabby, smirking, undersized little politician who is in the anteroom of one in authority. He is a greasy, cunning, two-faced sycophant who has taken for himself for years the glory of other men's accomplishments and ideas. He has a neat way of working. He seizes on a bright young man, favors him and cajoles him. But when that bright young man has a good idea, his idea is passed over to the Big Boss by Greasy as *Greasy's own idea*. And when the young man does anything his achievement is explained as being due to Greasy's influence and supervision and—summing the matter up—is really Greasy's own accomplishment from beginning to end. Greasy's type is common. But this particular specimen has made a huge success of his mean little methods. He is powerful and beyond justice. His undeserved security annoys me as much as his villainy.

I used to think of him and manslaughter simultaneously. But that was long ago. Now I simply remember the Ugadaga. . . . I kiss my wife and decide to send my aunt flowers for no reason at all.

Then, there is that weasel of a man in New York, the Great Business Leader, who owns a countryside and a city of mills. He does not smoke or drink or raise his voice. He believes in the security of silence and enjoys a civic reputation for justice. His smirking, slimy, scurvy skeleton of a soul squirms along its mean little way while his half-million employes battle starvation. Then, again, in Washington there is the Great Statesman, that sordid, oily hypocrite who spends his days lying and stirring up prejudice. And the Great Evangelist of the South whose black soul is dedicated to calumny and inciting hate. . . .

Even as I write I find myself getting hot under the collar. But now I remember the Ugadaga and suddenly I find myself amused. . . . It is really a lovely day out-

side. The placid mountains tower behind me. And before me is the sea, blue-black tipped with white. My boat is down in the cove. It will be fine out there near the horizon, clear and cool and unbelievably quiet. This wind is an honorable wind. The sweet wholesome afternoon will take me into her arms. . . .

I have, I think, illustrated sufficiently the reason for the Ugadaga's existence and the excellent purpose to which he may be put. Just why the Ugadaga should affect me in this fashion I am unable to explain. But I can say this: if contemplation of him is cultivated, it will bring to one's harried life a fine calm and a clear undisturbed perspective. It encourages a cosmic sense of humor. It allows one to read the newspapers and observe politics and people with a smile of—at least—resignation. The Ugadaga can, indeed, be made a stimulant to good sense and a test of wisdom. I recommend him to all young men who are in need of philosophy.

Miss Mullins Graduates with Honors

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

BEFORE long (if you have not already read the advance reviews of Mr. Harry Hansen, Mr. F. P. A., *et al.*), you will learn that Harper and Brothers have published a novel which is "an intimate record of convent life," written by Miss Helene Mullins, and entitled "Convent Girl." Sweet and appealing as the title is (and such a relief after the luridities of names like "Bad Girl" and "Show Girl") it is really enhanced by the jacket that the Brothers Harper have designed to swaddle the book and keep it clean. The jacket draughtsman has utilized pale purple and deep purple and yellow and white and church steeples and doves flying out of the steeples, in a most charming manner to make a loose cover for the book. The motif of the drawing is cloistral and chaste, even down to the feet of the little doves that hang loosely and daintily in the sky as they drift out of the steeple tower and fly away to the edge of the cover.

Only I do hope that when you see this exquisite jacket for the first time you will not get a glimpse of it as I did: with the book standing on end, and sandwiched by two other books. Because if you look at the back edge of the book the complete design is broken, the doves are out of the picture, and just one section of the steeple can be seen, which oddly, and frightfully so, looks for all the world like a tombstone. And on the tombstone a name is written, a single name: Mullins. It is positively dreadful to look at. A purple "Mullins" epitaphed on a white tombstone. "Poor Mullins!" I said to myself abstractedly as I pulled the book down from its shelf, thinking of graveyards and necrological inscriptions, and forgetting for the moment that dead authors cannot write live books. And then, of course, I saw the rest of the jacket, and my poor Mullins, dead and (for all I knew) damned, became an alive and gentle lady with her name on a steeple, and little doves flying under her name.

•I must warn you ahead of time that "Convent Girl" is not "spicy." For all that it will establish Miss Mullins

as the daring darling of a certain literary clique in New York, it is written with an almost nunlike decorum and a feigned respect for everything holy and sacred. There are no revelations and no scandals of the traditional kind; Sister So-and-so does not run away with a knight, nor does Mother Superior fall in love with the gardener. Neither is it a happy book. There is not a tinge of laughter, gaiety or humor. It is complete morbidity and despair, written with a genuine simplicity of style (comparable in its craftsmanship to Thornton Wilder), a counterfeit simplicity of manner, and executed with a lingering and ineradicable sneer. Its irreverences are so delicate, its blasphemies are so daintily expressed, that one wonders at the end whether it is a book of piety or a book of sacrilege, until the faint odor of altar flowers is traced to dead lilies in the refuse can. When Miss Mullins leaves the nuns and writes FINIS to her volume, not a mark is left on the polished floor of the convent, not a crucifix or a linen has been disturbed, not a wimple has been besmudged, not a trace of violence can be found, yet every nun in the convent has been painlessly murdered. No guns were used, no daggers, no yelling, no blood, no strangulations, nothing of that. They were all smothered to death with a powder puff. A woman's job and a good one.

It is not clear from the story alone that the novel is autobiographical. It is written in the first person, but the "first person" in the book is a Miss Gilly and not a Miss Mullins. The jacketeer of the book clears up this difficulty for us, however, by declaring (I presume, on Miss Mullins' authority) that it is autobiographical. And on second thought the only charitable explanation of the book is to believe that it is Miss Mullins' first-hand experience. Because it is painful enough to think that Miss Mullins is telling an actual story, but to suppose that she is telling an invented story would simply force me to think in terms of the diabolical.

The jacketeer also states that "in this book the convent is stripped of the mystery that has so long made it seem an unapproachable and slightly fabulous institution," so presumably it is a "novel with a purpose," which I might call a propaganda novel, if Miss Mullins, who has an antipathy for the word, will forgive me. The only laugh you will derive from your two-dollar-and-fifty-cent investment, by the way, is also contained in the blurb of the Messrs. Harper. (I do not know what I would do if the precious jacket-material of this book were missing.) "The Sisters are all interesting types of women," it says, "saints, cynics and austere disciplinarians." The use of the word "saints" in connection with the nuns in "Convent Girl" is too ridiculous to be other than laughable. Miss Mullins has seen to it that not one of the Religious women she describes shall retain any sure vestige of authentic holiness. Their sanctity is a fraud and a sham, eaten up with superstition, jealousy, narrowness, bigotry and neurasthenia. But when the blurb writer goes on to add that "one feels the author has loyalty for the convent," it begins to look as though the dignified and decorous publishing house of Harper and Brothers, established in 1817, is just a wee bit afraid of the book. To attribute to Miss Mullins a loyalty for something that she utterly detests and abhors is, to my mind, a very cheap way of throwing a sop to the thousands of nuns and convent girls in this country to whom the book is an insult and a challenge.

Briefly the story concerns itself with the life of a little girl who enters a convent boarding school at the age of nine, and finishes there her grammar-grade education. Her life from beginning to end is one nightmare of terror, inhibitions, phobias, repressions, and disciplinary horror. It is a tortuous existence of superstition and morbidity. There is never a funny day nor a light-hearted day. Every little skittishness and breach of the slightest rule is punished by the most rigorous chastisement. Not one single nun in the convent is a truly admirable character. They are either fat or clumsy or blotch-faced or large-mouthed or lacking eyebrows or afflicted with cancer. The pretty ones (Miss Mullins allows one or two of them to have nice eyes or something of the sort) are petty, atrabilious, jealous, spiteful, small-souled, dishonest and unfair.

This little girl, not yet in her teens, through some miraculous intuition, knows the intimate life of nearly every one of the nuns. She knows their family names, their previous history, the causes and circumstances of their vocations, their antecedent love affairs, the silly motives that induced them to enter religion and the silly motives that kept them from leaving it. Though she herself is something of a mystery to the nuns, and though they universally fail to understand her temperament and her sensibilities, their lives are to her an open book. She can scrutinize their inmost thoughts with precision and accuracy, she can pierce into the crannies of their souls. Is it an astounding precocity. One whole chapter in the book is devoted to ridiculing the facial affliction of one of the Sisters.

Miss Mullins knows the "mechanics" of the Catholic

religion almost accurately. The prayers, the litanies, the formula for Confession, the liturgy, are all recounted without mistake. On just two little points does she become slovenly: they concern Jesus and His Blessed Mother. Our Lord was supposed to be literally tasted in the Blessed Sacrament, and because she tasted only the appearances of bread, her First Holy Communion was a tragedy and a disappointment to her, if not a sacrilege. It is hard to imagine how even blotch-faced nuns had given her to believe that the Blessed Sacrament was to taste any different than an unconsecrated host. (I should also add that Miss Mullins likes the expression "sacred wafer" in connection with the Blessed Sacrament.)

The point concerning Our Blessed Mother is also perplexing. She is called, with the most delicate but unmistakable sarcasm, the Virgin who *conceived* without sin. And the reference is clearly to Our Lord's conception. I have never heard any nun, no matter how physically unattractive she was (and I, by the way, am a "convent boy" with nine years of training in a Sisters' school) use the expression "who conceived without sin." The implication is of course that a non-virginal conception of Our Lord, if He had willed it so, would have been sinful, which is not true. I will wager that the smallest child in any Catholic convent knows that the expression should be "who *was* conceived without sin" and has nothing to do with the Virginal Birth and has only to do with our Lady's freedom from *original* sin, the prerogative of *her* Immaculate Conception.

I mention these two inaccuracies in dogma because Miss Mullins has gone to such pains to insist that she was the "bright girl" of the convent. In fact, the last chapter of the book: "Graduation with Honors" is taken up almost entirely with a fight between her and a rival pupil as to who would receive the class medal. There is some suspense as to the outcome, which causes the reader pain, but in the end Miss Mullins wins out and is awarded the medal and the reader is happy again. Miss Mullins' winning of the class medal is the "live happy ever after" part of the book. It is the denouement.

"Convent Girl" is dedicated "To My Mother," and the free page at the beginning of the book bears the aphorism: "A strong imagination begets the thing itself," a quotation borrowed from the Axiom Scholiast. If the details of Catholic school life as portrayed in this novel are based on fact, then Miss Mullins owes it to humanity to draw up a brief of names and dates and incidents and to present them to the Bishop of the diocese in which she spent her school days, so that he may protect our Catholic children against the terrorism of a decadent nunnery.

But if the details of the story are merely the work of "a strong imagination," then we Catholics owe it to our Sisters and our children to protect ourselves against further inroads of this same "strong imagination." God knows what it will batten upon next. God knows what new explorations of inventiveness it will undertake in the realm of the cloister in order to win new laurels in

Bohemia and to make more money for Harper and Brothers, the chivalrous sponsors of this latest "show-up" of our Catholic convent schools. In the crucible of this "strong imagination" the sweet little girl your household and my household sent away to the Catholic Sisterhood last year, the pretty little girl who laughed and loved us, who was our priceless one, who was not jilted in a love affair, but who took the veil of a Catholic Sister in order to convince us of the beauty of purity, innocence and self-sacrifice, in order to win God's love for us and help us to be good and patient and merciful and kind by the shining light of her own example, your little sister and my little sister, (Catholic gentlemen, I speak to you) is not safe against the ravages of a "strong imagination." Already in the eyes of the American reading public she has been turned into a blotch-faced, superstitious neurotic, who bullies little children and blights their adolescence with nightmare, deceit, ignorance and fraud. There is no comeliness nor loveliness left in her. Harper and Brothers and Miss Mullins who "graduated with honors" have seen to that.

IN A TWINKLING

But a minute with you—
And a star, for the dew,
Flickered down to an ember:

But a moment of night—
While the moon's harvest light
Haunted leafy September.

But an instant—and yet
Of all you forget
How much I remember

Of that moment with you,
'Tween a star, fire-new,
And its flickering ember!

FRANCIS CARLIN.

DESERTED CHANNELS

The broken wharf is crumbling to decay.
The ice-crush mauls and grumbles as it frees
The green-scummed piles and sinks them in the spray.
Soon they will toss like dragons in the sea.

The derrick, like a gibbet, windward tips
Its weathered mast while in the channel moulds
The rusty scoop that wallowed deep in ships
And swung careening cargoes from the holds.

A sunken wreck, like prehistoric bones,
Comes slowly up to breathe at ebbing tide:
No flying flags, no tales of foreign zones;
Poor skeleton, how dully now you ride!

A musk-rat swims and rifts in circles rise.
A stealthy watch the bow-winged heron keeps.
The fish-hawk spears the silence with its cries:
O days that pass! O soul of man that weeps!

Upon the crumbling wharf alone I wait
The coming of the last grim ship that clears:
O Pilot of my soul, now care for me
That heed no more the watching of the years.

JOHN LEE HIGGINS.

American Catholics and the International Labor Office

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

WHAT is the influence of American Catholic thought on the world at large? Or, if there be such, is it in any way proportioned to the number and the prosperity of American Catholics? This question—proposed in various ways—has been brought of late to a focus in Mexico and Latin America. It should have been brought to a focus years ago in the Philippines; and there is still the opportunity. It is brought to a focus again at Geneva, in connection with the League of Nations, the International Labor Office, and the numberless official, semi-official and unofficial activities that are collected in that most international city of the world.

With all the influence accredited to American thought, as such, how much weight, then, in this international clearing-house of ideas on everything from harbor buoys to calendar reform, has the thought of American Catholics?

Some readers may say: "None at all: nor is such influence likely, since it is lacking at home." To such a cheerless pronouncement, I should prefer to answer as follows:

1. The mind of the Catholic Church, in general, has, as yet, but weak representation at Geneva, in comparison with the mind of other agencies and institutions. Nevertheless, limited as that representation is, it has made itself felt in striking fashion.

2. American Catholic thought has already made itself felt at Geneva, even if only in a casual way.

3. The influence of any given teachings or ideas in one country is not necessarily an index of their influence outside of that country. The voice of American Catholicism gains at Geneva by association with the voice of Catholics from the world over. The International Labor Office (*Bureau International de Travail*, B. I. T., or I. L. O.) with its periodical assemblage of the International Labor Conference, offers some illustration of these three observations.

The scope alone of the I. L. O. shows the close connection with our daily problems. Seeking to better the conditions of labor under all forms—agricultural, industrial and intellectual—it treats of such varied subjects as accidents, sickness, old age, apprenticeship, vocational guidance, housing, recreation and use of leisure time, unemployment, emigration, hygiene, cost and standard of living, etc. The very fact, says a recent observer, that modern industrial society presents such a tremendous concentration of capital in the hands of a few men, shows the importance of such a center of world thought and world action as the I. L. O.

"Yet in this imposing assemblage of 300 delegates from the whole world that constitute the International Labor Conference, to whom shall we look as spokesmen, as advocates of the social thought of the Church? To the ten or twelve technical counselors who, at the side of the

Socialist delegates, represent the Christian workmen's syndicates?"

Yet despite the smallness of the Catholic minority the most prominent, the most reasoned and authoritative pronouncement of recent years, from any public and official source, on the value of Catholic thought in social matters has come from the Socialist, Albert Thomas, Director of the International Labor Office, and former French Minister of Labor. M. Thomas' report to the International Labor Conference of 1928 had already dealt with the development of Catholic social doctrine, particularly during the last ten years. In view of the sympathetic reception given to this study by the Catholic press, the Report for 1929 continues the inquiry, and states:

There have arisen a number of different schools or rather of tendencies, in the Catholic world. An attempt is made in the present report to explain the ideas of the most influential and constructive group, the Catholic Social movement. This movement inspires the program of the Christian workers' associations and trades unions, as well as the work of a certain number of engineers' organizations and employers' associations. It gives expression to its ideas at the "social weeks" which it holds annually in France and other countries, and has in recent years endeavored to achieve a synthesis of the ideas and conclusions of the International Union of Social Studies.

Amongst the pronouncements, however, which have contributed to making this movement felt, are quoted, in the report, the N. C. W. C. *Bulletin* for September, 1928: "Labor Day Statement"; the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, Records of Annual Conferences, etc. Particular attention is paid in the report, where it discusses collaboration of production and management, to the words spoken last Labor Day by Dr. John A. Ryan, Director of the Social Service Section, N. C. W. C., concerning the "industrial feudal system" created by the large number (90 per cent) of those who begin and end their active life as wage-earners. In his last year's report, M. Thomas dwelt on the fact that "in the strictly economic field, i. e., without reference to any political system, the National Catholic War Council of the United States has advocated very considerable reforms," and goes on to analyze in detail the Bishops' Program of social reconstruction.

If such attention, then, and such official prominence has been paid by the International Labor Office, for two years in succession, not only to Catholic social thought in general, but also to American Catholic thought in particular, may we not expect that a still greater attention will be paid to Catholic thought in general and to American Catholic thought in particular, once this latter establishes closer relations with the activities at Geneva?

For many of the problems most minutely investigated, most passionately discussed, in the proceedings of the I. L. O. and the I. L. Conference, happen to be those which *cannot be adequately solved without the collaboration of American Catholic thought*. The bearings are too many-sided, they come too close to the political and social or educational questions of the United States and their dependencies to be fully understood without the aid of those who as Americans, are in a position to give first-hand information and to draw on the best American

public opinion regarding such matters, and who as Catholics can speak of them with that fraternal sympathy and understanding of general principles that will raise them above national prejudices.

To take a single and striking instance. The question of forced labor, particularly in colonial regions, was on the program of the eleventh International Labor Conference, held at Geneva in May of this year, and took the form of the discussion of a project for regulating and limiting such labor which had been submitted, in the form of a questionnaire, to the fifty governments represented at the Conference. Since the Conference is made up of three groups of representatives: those of the governments, of the employers, and of the workers, there would naturally be some conflict of opinion. Nevertheless, an immediate agreement was reached amongst the three groups, on the necessity of forming some sort of a plan for the suppression of forced labor and for replacing it by free contracts. The heart of the discussion, of course, lay largely in the nature of these contracts and the degree of their actual freedom.

Travelers such as André Gide, Professor Buell and Professor Ross, and missionaries, had drawn attention in recent years to the havoc wrought by forced labor in African colonial industrial enterprises. The Communists are drawing ample material for their agitation from East Indian and Asiatic labor conditions. A minimum code of protection for native workers was proposed at the congress of the Socialist Second International in August, 1928. The Jerusalem Congress of Protestant Churches and Missions in 1928 discussed in great detail the whole problem of the relations of native workers to industry, their hygiene, education, agrarian problems, etc., and a permanent bureau for the study of these questions was created in collaboration with the I. L. O., the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and other agencies.

When however, the forced-labor questionnaire came back, at the end of the Conference, Msgr. Nolens, of Holland, and M. Pauwels, a Catholic delegate from Belgium, moved for its adoption. It had already been endorsed by leading Catholic organizations of Europe.

M. Pauwels stated, on this occasion:

In our action we are animated by a profound sentiment of justice and fraternity towards our less favored brethren and from a desire to place at their disposition, as far as our means permit, all that is of a character to relieve their conditions of life, to develop their personality in all its fulness, and to realize their total destiny.

Similar sentiments were uttered in his opening discourse by Dr. Brauns, German Minister of Labor, himself a Catholic priest, and by M. Serrarens, secretary of the International Confederation of Christian Syndicates.

Yet Americans are concerned in this matter quite as much as, if not more than, their European brethren. The problem of forced labor, of colonial labor—both industrial and agricultural—is far from being confined to the Eastern Hemisphere. South America, with its enterprises created by American capital and managed by American technical experts, the West Indies, Central America, and our various dependencies all present one

or the other phase of the matter, from labor gangs to schools, health centers and trades unions. Our treatment of the cheap-labor situation within the United States cannot be entirely divorced from similar situations abroad. Since, however, the policies adopted by the I. L. O. so closely touch American interests, what American Catholics have to say on the matter is certainly of no small moment to those of other nations who are struggling with the betterment of conditions. It is only reasonable that they look to us for help.

Another field, in which American Catholic opinion is of the utmost importance, is that of population, eugenics, and birth control. As it is, the American birth-control propagandists, up to this time, have been so conspicuous at Geneva that their doctrine—highly unwelcome to many of the European states—has become identified in a certain sense with the United States. Sooner or later this discussion—as yet apparently confined to different unofficial organizations and congresses, which form a kind of periphery of the League of the Nations—will penetrate into the chambers of the League and of the I. L. O. itself. "The time will not be long" until we shall have Americans proposing the reduction of the family as the solution of labor troubles.

We shall have Americans at Geneva proposing to teach native labor as George H. von Tungeln proposed in 1927 to teach the American farmer, "to produce only two children per family where he is producing four or more." The experts in fruit-fly breeding may multiply on Lake Lemman as they did at the Geneva World Conference on Population in 1927, and apply the plaster of their wisdom to the sores created by human greed and human neglect. We Catholics are not voiceless to such theorizings at home. Shall we be abroad?

Mere casual visits to Geneva will not suffice. Contacts already begun must be strengthened. The foundation of more effective contacts must be made through the study of international questions in our Catholic universities. These are the home of our best American Catholic thought. Through faculty and student contacts, and, most of all, through a spirit of charity and mutual helpfulness among Catholic educators throughout the world, will the means be found for Catholic collaboration with the I. L. O.

A CERTAIN RICH MAN

"Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor."
This was not said to all, so we are told,
But to one young man loaded down with gold,
Who heard Thee, and went sadly through the door.
Would it were so! Of this thing I am sure:
I must let go the riches that I fold
Against my breast. Lord, cut them from my hold.
In surgery alone can be my cure.

Gold I have none, but what I treasure most,
That is my wealth: the thing that I must give.
Easier goes camel through the needle's eye
Than rich man into heaven. Be riches lost
To me for ever that the poor may live,
Lost lest the rich man empty-handed die.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Education

Wanted—A Boarding School

JOHN WILTBYE

LET me make the true confession that I do not like boarding schools. That dislike, I admit, cannot fairly be taken as an indictment of any such institution. It may be founded on pure ignorance.

The matter is not of prime importance, but my dislike, as far as I can trace it, is rooted in Thackeray and Dickens. So much did I suffer in my first decade with Smike and Tommy Traddles and David Copperfield and Paul Dombey (although Mrs. Pipchin, with her devotion to the deceased Peruvian mine-pumper, was always a consoling note) and even with that wretched little cad, Georgy Osborne, that I have always thought of boarding schools in connection with gyves, thumbscrews, and tears.

Maturer years and the realization that life must be largely a series of compromises, have removed that earlier prejudice, in some degree. I can now understand that boarding schools are as necessary as dentists. And Mr. Mark Shriver's excellent article, published last week, "What About the Little Fellow?" sharpened an anxiety that has been sinking its fangs into my defenseless bosom these many months.

Mr. Shriver moves a question for which thousands of parents and guardians seek an answer in vain, when he contends that more Catholic private schools for the small boy are needed. Unlike him, and my old friend, Mrs. Crupp, I am not myself a parent, but I feel that he is right. Indeed, I can go beyond feeling, and base my assent to his proposition on personal experience acquired in my capacity, at various times, as guardian for small children. Not once, but frequently, have I found myself in the predicament which he now faces.

My first choice for the average boy, would be the local parish school. But there may be a thousand reasons why the boy who is not average (and you may affix your own meaning to the term) should be sent to a private rather than to a parish school. The administrators of the parish system not only admit this fact, but urge it, and complain that too often it is completely overlooked. The parish school has too important a work to do to be impeded by the presence of a pupil who—for one or more of the thousand reasons referred to—is out of place in its class rooms. Mr. Shriver, I make no doubt, will be accused of snobbishness. Those who approach his problem with an unbiased mind will perceive that there is here no question of distinctions based on bank accounts or social position. He and I and thousands of parents are simply trying to discover the best way of giving as many children as possible a thorough education under Catholic auspices.

Mr. Shriver confines himself to a discussion of the need of more private day schools for the small boy. His problem, then, is not precisely mine. I find the need for more Catholic boarding schools which can provide for the boy of seven years quite as keen.

We all agree, I suppose, that the best place for the growing boy is his home, since in educational effectiveness

nothing can approach the home. The boy needs the personal, intimate care of father and mother, and the social contacts with brothers and sisters, which alone, in my judgment, can impress in ineradicable characters the concept of home and of its supreme importance. From the give and take of daily life under one roof, with its conflicts and its concessions, he learns how to live with other people, and insensibly imbibes lessons in civilization and culture which no school, however well conducted, can possibly offer. From the dawn of reason, "father" becomes the living symbol of that reasoned, loving, voluntary subordination which must be made part of the soul of the child, if he is to become a useful, or even tolerable, member of society. As for the influence of a good mother, language has no words that can adequately express it. Her child is blood of her blood, bone of her bone. Beneath her heart in the counted weeks of fear and joyous expectation, she has borne this image of God into whom, before its separate existence, the Creator of all life has breathed an immortal spirit. Through her love and her pain, it has come into the world. The tiny hands grope aimlessly, and the cry of helplessness makes her heart run over, at once with pity and the supreme joy of motherhood. God has given her the office of caring for one so like His own Divine Son in the crib at Bethlehem. Even as she clasps it to her nourishing bosom, so she understands that she must nourish its immortal soul unto life everlasting. . . . Blessed, indeed, is the man who can look back to a home built on authority and love; in the moment when motives founded on religion grow weak, those hallowed memories can turn him once more to grace and safety.

Emphatically, then, and beyond dispute, the boy who from babyhood to his tenth or twelfth year, has been deprived of the environment of a normal home, has lost something for which no school can supply a completely satisfactory substitute. The best school is the home. The best teachers are the boy's parents. So, at least, do I read Divine Providence as reflected in the pages of history.

But what can we do when the boy has no home? Here is where the iron has entered into my soul on more than one occasion. The home may be broken by the death of one parent, or both. Unhappy circumstances may have advised, or even forced, a separation. Business or professional interests may require the parents to travel, so that they have no fixed place of abode. In all these cases, parents and guardians are in a quandary.

With me, as with Mr. Shriver, the question is a very pressing one. At the present moment, I am guardian for two small children, a boy and a girl. The care of Mary Frances Ellen will never cause a prematurely greyed hair to fall from my all too untimely denuding poll. I can send her to the Sisters who will mother her, and, I hope, spank her as often as she needs it, and there most of my troubles are at an end.

But Bill, arriving at the alleged age of reason, is a problem.

For two years a kindly Providence opened a home to him in a private family. That arrangement is now draw-

ing to a close. After exhausting all possibilities, I find that I simply must send the poor little chap to boarding school.

Now within fifty miles of Bill's town (which, incidentally, is not New York) I can count at least three excellent non-Catholic schools. I am told that I am foolish if I do not choose one of them. But Bill must have a Catholic training. The nearest Catholic school that will take him is five hundred miles away. An excellent nearby high school is closed to him, for Bill is only seven, and his arithmetic is worse than Marjory Fleming's. I am not particularly well pleased with the Catholic school which, probably, I shall be forced to choose. Founded as a kind of penal institution, it has not fully lived down its former reputation. It is now an excellent school, and I am grateful for the sympathetic attitude of its present conductors. Yet I cannot help wishing, for Bill's sake, that its past history could be wiped out—or that I could find another school.

But can the conditions which Mr. Shriver and myself find so difficult be changed?

Some months ago AMERICA published an editorial on vocations to the teaching Brotherhoods which warmed my heart. The problem of what to do for the boy of seven, who has no home, would disappear, if the Brothers could only open schools and academies all over the country. May it not be that in their zeal for Catholic education in other fields, the Brothers have overlooked a rich field which none can cultivate so well as they?

I am willing to sign a petition for the canonization forthwith of any Sister who has survived a score of years in an elementary school. At the same time, I reserve the right to my opinion that from his eighth year, the boy's teacher should be a man. At present, however, my prayers and my heartfelt gratitude go to the Sister who is about to undertake to civilize Bill, age seven.

She does not know what she faces, but she will in a few weeks.

I most devoutly hope that, with the blessing of God, she and her associates can give him a training which will survive the battering of the years, and enable him at the last to satisfy the Keeper of the Heavenly Gates.

I am more than sure that, on his part, Bill, age seven, will add many a jewel to his teacher's celestial crown.

SILENCE

There is in silence something of deep water,
To plumb whose depths 'twere fruitless and in vain,
The silence of the tomb is bitter silence,
The silence of broken friendships is eloquent of pain.
The silence of the heart undone is tragedy,
Grief has a silence bottomless and vast,
Illusions broken, ingratitude and sorrows,
In moods of darkness are such often cast.
The silence that shall follow death is fearful,
Pale mask that neither moves, nor cares nor changes;
Looking in the face of death there is no silence
Equal to this in all that silence ranges.
But still more poignant was the silence
Of Him who took the lash and was reviled,
Pilloried and scorned, yet spoke no word of protest,
Yet still was innocent as new born child.

CLARENCE P. MILLIGAN.

Sociology

Br'er Smoot and His Cigarette

CRICKET WAINSCOTT

IN all the country the *Congressional Record* has no more faithful reader than myself. But even old Homer used to nod now and then along the sounding marge of the wine-colored sea, and it was a doleful nod that deprived me of the pleasure of perusing the discourse on the cigarette by Br'er Smoot, one of the Twelve Apostles, a grower of sugar beets and Senator from the imperial State of Utah. Although delivered in the Senate of the United States sometimes in the mad and merry month of June, in this year of grace, 1929, I first heard of this epoch-making oration only a few days ago, when I picked up the *Christian Advocate* for June 27.

Judging from the account given by Brother Harry Earl Woolever, in the sprightly journal cited above, a pleasant time was had by all. Never have I met Mr. Smoot, in his capacity as Senator, as Apostle, or as himself, nor have I gazed upon his lineaments as depicted by the sun with the aid of Mr. George Eastman's justly celebrated film packs. In my mind's eye he comes to me a tallish gentleman, lank of frame, dour of countenance, sparse of hair; an orator whose flights have thus far been limited by his absorption in the dull data presented by tariff schedules.

That he would reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet, with the idea of preserving the lissome lines of his boyish figure, I should consider unlikely, although of late, I have suspected that his interest in sweet things is not wholly disinterested. But I never dreamed that he or anyone else could even think of—much less utter—so many mean things about the cigarette. Br'er Smoot certainly soared into the empyrean and made the welkin ring on that day in June when he rose up to tell the Senate of the lethal qualities of this hellish little roll of tobacco. Like Br'er Fox on a memorable occasion, Br'er Smoot jest riz an' riz, and the longer he talked the more he riz. "Cigarette Campaign Stirs Congress," headlines Brother Harry Earl Woolever. "Senator Smoot Demands Protection of Sugar"—I mean "of Public." To be quite fair, Br'er Smoot did not refer to sugar in the account at hand. But he certainly contrived to discover a world of evil in the cigarette.

Perhaps you do, too. Speaking for myself, I abominate the thing.

I also abominate the cigar, the onion, the lobster, all fish (especially on Friday) ice cream, football, and booze. I should bear with imperturbable equanimity their complete removal from this universe which, as Stevenson informs us, already is full of a number of things. I never could see why people spoon up ice cream, and I do not understand how it comes to pass that individuals who wish to drink tobacco turn to the cigarette. In this respect I suppose I am somewhat crazy, like the man who did not love cats. His neighbors allowed him to indulge this dislike until he began shooting all cat-owners who declined to divest themselves of their cats. But I shall

shoot no cigarette smoker. My local jail, I am informed, is conducted by a gentleman who forbids his guests to use smoking tobacco, and without my pipe I am a total wreck. Besides, what business is it of mine what my neighbor smokes? I should not dream of forcing a pipe between his unwilling teeth, and should he attempt to make me smoke a cigarette I shall call loudly for the watch.

Is Br'er Smoot about to begin the campaign? Does he vision a house divided against itself—some smoking cigarettes, others puffing on pipes, others stuffing their buccolic cheeks with eating tobacco?

Shall we have another Amendment? Perhaps.

Cigarette smoking, Br'er Smoot told the enthralled Senate, is "an evil which promises to be greater than alcohol"—and we all know what happened to alcohol. Look at Al Capone, and the baron on Coney Island whose 10,000 gallons of alky blew up with a loud report the other day. There is a campaign, he continues, "to place a cigarette in the mouth of every woman and youth in the United States."

Should this campaign succeed, the loss by fire—in this world—will be vastly increased. "In terms of . . . loss through fires started by smoking, the sum is incalculable."

The death rate will also rise. "Any reputable physician" said Br'er Smoot, will tell the president of any tobacco firm, that certain diseases "are but a few of the ailments of which nicotine poisoning stands convicted by the medical profession." "Nicotine poisoning" and "cigarette smoking" are not exact synonyms—but let us peruse the list, made up by Br'er Smoot with the aid of any reputable physician, and quoted by Brother Woolever.

Intestinal catarrh
Ulcer
Liver hemorrhages
Kidney degeneration
Chronic bronchitis
Heightened blood pressure
Palpitation of the heart
Pernicious anemia
Bright's disease
Neurasthenia
Cancer of the mouth and nose
Premature senility.

All there but housemaid's knee—and she will get that from picking up the stubs.

I gather that Br'er Smoot is worried about the aid and comfort which the girls of this nation are affording the Duke Tobacco Co., and the former Trinity College, and I regret that I cannot quote him textually. Perhaps it is not the best thing in the world for girls to smoke cigarettes, but if I had a daughter and moral suasion failed, I should put her across my knee, and call for a shingle or the old hair brush. My neighbor might prefer to wait until Congress—under the guidance of Br'er Smoot—passed a law against it, but I should choose direct action in my own time, and *proprio motu*.

But may we look for action by Congress? Was Br'er Smoot in earnest?

Lincoln used to tell the story of a blacksmith "down in Egypt" (and it may do no harm to say that "Egypt"

is Southern Illinois) who, not having much to do, took up a piece of soft iron, to mold it into an agricultural implement. He discovered that the iron would not hold out. Then he thought he would make an axe, but there was not enough iron for that either. Next, he tried to shape a tack hammer, but after working a while, found that the mass of iron was too small. Finally, becoming disgusted, he filled the forge full of coal and brought his iron to a white heat. Lifting it from its bed of coals with his tongs, he thrust it into a tub of water, and yelled, "Well, darn ye, if I can't make anything else out of ye, I'll make a fizzle anyway!"

Is Br'er Smoot content with just making a fizzle?

Listening to Brother Harry Earl Woolever I am not so sure. Of course, writes Brother Woolever, "the present great task of the moral forces of the nation is to continue the drive against the liquor interests." Yet some day "the tobacco interests . . . will be condemned as were the slave dealers of old and as are the present-day bootleggers."

I don't care. I don't smoke cigarettes.

But I do care very much when I think that the Constitution of the United States bids fair to become nothing but a mass of petty sumptuary legislation.

With Scrip and Staff

IN view of the "knocks" that the South periodically receives, I listened with interest to the glowing accounts of Southern possibilities voiced by the Professor, whose conversation with the Doctor on certain educational topics engaged my attention a few weeks ago. "I see," remarked the former, "that leading business men are stating today (August 10), that there are billions of dollars' worth of economic resources locked up in the South: mining, agriculture, power, industry, etc."

Doc. "Glad to know it, Professor. What do you think they need so as to turn those possibilities into realities?"

Prof. "Capital, education, and all those other factors, of course. But one thing that they specially need, is to get rid of the human waste."

Doc. "How is that?"

Prof. "Too many children, in the first place. They are a liability to any man who wants to earn money rapidly. Didn't you see the other day what Professor Allred, an authority on Southern economic problems, said at the Virginia Institute of Public Affairs, at Charlottesville? He is reported as recommending: 'possibly a reduction in the size of families on farms, with a consequent reduction in the cost of bearing, food, clothing, and education; since, under present conditions, children have become an economic liability.' There you are."

Doc. "But do you mean that my three boys, one of whom is studying medicine, and the other two starting in at the bank, are going to be a liability to me once they can earn their own living?"

Prof. "Oh, not that sort of children, Doc. Not in your class of life. But the children of the disadvantaged people, as we say: those who simply multiply and consume, but never advance socially."

Doc. "And you think it is progress to teach those people not to multiply?"

Prof. "Of course. I cannot help thinking of that wonderful social worker who was visiting families of mill-workers in Tennessee, during the recent strikes. After listening to their troubles, and suggesting a few improvements in household conditions, she would tactfully ask the mother if she had heard of such a thing as birth control. 'Wouldn't she be glad of a little literature on the subject?' And the poor mothers were so delighted!"

Doc. "So you think she was conferring a benefit on them?"

Prof. "Certainly. As Mrs. Eleanor Dwight Jones stated at the dinner meeting of the American Birth Control League, at the National Conference of Social Work, July 1: 'By securing birth-control advice for the women, these social workers have been able to prevent, in some cases, disease; in some, dependency; and in others, child neglect and consequent dependency.' 'Incompetent, lazy or sickly people do not want large families,' says Mrs. Jones. 'No man who can earn only starvation wages wants a lot of children.'"

Doc. "I am a little puzzled, Professor: I thought that the trouble with these folk was that they *did* want the large families, and that the birth-control people were trying to teach them the opposite?"

Prof. "Well, we won't dispute on that. The point is that they shouldn't want them, because the children eat up all the earnings."

Doc. "Earnings! Why, I imagined we were never so prosperous. Hasn't Mr. Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes found the ten outstanding developments in this country between 1922 and 1927? Here are some of them:

"The rise in the use of power, in industrial enterprise, on the farm, in the home; . . .

"The application on a broad scale of the principle of high wages and low costs as a policy of enlightened industrial practice in a period of stationary cost of living—the recognition of wage-earners as the great domestic market;

"Marked increase in the physical volume of production;

"The new importance of the consumer's choosing—no longer engrossed by food, shelter, and clothing, he exercises his 'optional purchases';

"Increased leisure. . . .

"If the workers have enough for all kinds of 'optional purchases,' why shouldn't they be able to feed the kids?"

Prof. "Yes, if everybody enjoyed those good things. But these poor devils don't."

Doc. "Because they are not paid enough? Isn't that likely?"

Prof. "Or not fit to be paid. Some say they wouldn't know what to do with the money if they had it; they would waste it on moonshine."

Doc. "If they do know what to do with the money, shouldn't they get it? And, if they do not know what to do with it; shouldn't they be educated to its proper use?"

Prof. "Absolutely. Only their inheritance—"

Doc. "Which in this instance is nine-tenths environment—"

Prof. "Well, their environment pulls them down."

Doc. "All right. Which ever it is, why not apply the remedy where it is needed? If it's education, give them schools; if it's wages, give them Christian labor contracts; if it's environment, get to work on the environment, give them decent houses, recreation, hospitals, and what not. Instead of getting rid of human beings, why not make things livable for human beings?"

Prof. "That sort of talk would be passable, Doc, if you could confine people's habits within some sort of a pre-arranged scale of living: 'you shall want so much, and not more.' But these expert advisers are looking ahead. They aren't merely considering the present scale of wants of these families—which might be satisfied if your program could be carried out. They are looking forward to the time when the vision of that married couple will expand: when they will see more and more beautiful things to enjoy in life, greater enrichment of their home, more vivid contacts with prosperity. . . . And barring the path to that development, are these ever-present children, with the burden they entail."

Doc. "This philosophy implies just what is put in the last of Mr. Hoover's ten discoveries. Let me read it: 'Proof of the economic theory that wants are almost insatiable; that there are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants, as fast as they are satisfied.' In other words, the great poverty argument for birth control comes to this: save on children to spend on self."

Prof. "Is not that man's supreme right, to spend on self, on his own individuality?"

Doc. "His supreme right—or at least his inprescriptible right, to quote a recent author—is to found a family, for the good of mankind and the glory of God. It is not the family that is the intolerable burden; but the things that oppress and hinder the family. . . ."

Prof. "If children, then, are such a valuable asset for the laboring man, you would find progressively-minded employers actually encouraging their workmen to have larger families. Did you ever hear of such a policy?"

Doc. "I think I have; though not in this country. If I am to believe this clipping, since 1926, the employe of the Michelin Tire Company, in France, who is head of a family, receives in addition to his normal wages, the following allocations:

Yearly: for one child, 1,200 francs; 2 children, 2,400 fr., 3 children, 4,850 fr., 4 children, 6,480 fr., 5 children, 8,100 fr., 6 children, 9,720 fr., 8 children, 12,950 fr., etc.

In 1924, there were 25.06 births in the Michelin families per 1,000 (French) population; others, 14.61; in 1928, 29.79 for Michelin families, 11.94 for the others. In 1928, only 3 non-Michelin babies were born in France in proportion to 8 Michelin babies.

"And the tires are still selling."

Prof. "But does the policy of a successful business concern prove the laborer's right to a large family?"

Doc. "I think not; but it does show that regard for that right does not necessarily mean economic disaster, which is what these people are clamoring about."

Prof. "Whatever your arguments, Doc, you have given me something to think of next time I have a blow-out and the Missus watches me change the spare."

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

A Point in Literary Ethics

IRVING T. McDONALD

"THE profession of letters has been lately debated in the public prints; and it has been debated, to put the matter mildly, from a point of view that was calculated to surprise high-minded men, and bring a general contempt on books and reading."

Nowhere, I think, in the pages of literature, has a sentence been composed to comment on a current episode, and so perfectly suited an unrelated happening in a subsequent century. For its author is no reader of Mr. Broun's defense of Joan Lowell and himself, but Robert Louis Stevenson, who uses the sentence to introduce his essay on "The Morality of the Profession of Letters."

It is both interesting and painful that he should be adduced as an example in the debate between Mr. Broun and Mr. Colcord; interesting because his openly declared and unmistakable attitude on the point at issue was not mentioned, painful that he should be flipped aside with such original logic by Mr. Broun. "It is my feeling," says the counsel for the defense, or *advocatus diaboli* as you prefer, "that the book (*The New Arabian Nights*) would have had the same merit whether it was called true or fictional by the author. A brief preface asserting authenticity could hardly have altered the cadences of Stevensonian prose or in any way affected the richness of the imagination." But is there not something else, something that transcends in importance the cadences of Stevenson's prose and the richness of his imagination, that would be altered, that would be affected by so mendacious a preface? *Ignorantia elenchi* continues to be a wobbly crutch for the unsure-footed.

The little ripples from the splash made by "The Cradle of the Deep" continue to agitate the literary puddle. Not only has Mr. Harry Hansen broken his abstemious rule and taken a large bite out of Miss Lowell to reprove her for recent lucubrations over her name, but both Mr. Harry Salpeter and Mr. Percy Hutchison greet a new piece of unconventional writing, "The Adventures of an Outlaw," with a caution and an explicit reference to declarations of authenticity that accompany the book, that speak for themselves. The last-named reviewer takes a deep breath and dashes in—up to his knees, and then withdraws timidly until his calves are exposed. "And the question of fidelity to fact," he declares boldly, "although it may intrude, is not all-important. At least," he adds hastily, "not as this writer sees it."

Now just how important, how necessary, is fidelity to fact? And to what fact, or what class of facts, do we require the fidelity that is not all-important to Mr. Hutchison?

If literature were confined to facts it would fail of its purpose, for its representation of life would be a false one, if for no other reason than its inevitable incompleteness. But there would be another reason. Facts can be made to tell untruths as skilfully as Munchausen himself. Our courts, in their wisdom, require

not only the facts, but all the facts available. If every fact in the life of Achilles were to be told with the exception of the vulnerability of his heel, then the story of his death, factual as a box-score, would be as untruthful as a cross-eyed umpire. For it would then convey a contradiction: an invulnerable person wounded. And there are no such contradictions in life. To be sure, there are no invulnerable persons, either. But such a person is conceivable, and once conceived, must do and be done by with consistence.

Fiction, on the other hand, is capable of expressing the most exquisite verities. And the masterpieces of fictitious literature of all times and tongues will so testify. Indeed, when fiction ceases to tell the truth, it forthwith loses its character as literature. Thus is explained the citizenship of Scarlet Sister Mary in the literary empire, and the disfranchisement of Philo Vance.

Truth is told by fiction in this manner: While the acts described are fictitious, the laws they exemplify, whether they be physical, moral, or natural laws, must be true laws, and the truth conveyed by fiction lies in the narration of the right and consistent operation of these laws. Now there, in brief, is the truth that underlies much loose thought and loose talk that is current on the interrelations between literature, truth, fiction and fact.

Miss Lowell's book, then, succeeded in being both non-factual and untrue. Its happenings have been exposed as without foundation in fact, and despite its professed character as a narrative of nautical adventure, it is branded as one-hundred-per-cent incorrect from a nautical standpoint by Mr. Colcord, whom Mr. Broun concedes to be "versed in nautical lore." It would be most interesting and instructive, while on the point, to know just how Mr. McFee and Captain Riesenbergh, as expert mariners, came to vouch for such a book. "In all narration," wrote Stevenson, "there is only one way to be clever, and that is to be exact. To be vivid is a secondary quality which must presuppose the first; for vividly to convey a wrong impression is only to make a failure conspicuous."

But the kernel of consideration in Miss Lowell's hoax is not intrinsic to her text. That could be precisely as it is, word for word, and yet be innocent of all but the guilt of its matter and its style. The major crime was its presentation as actuality, its disguise as an authentic piece of autobiography.

I am fortunate in numbering among my friends one of the most proficient and quick-witted liars that grace the purlieu of Times Square. Prevaricators abound in that neighborhood, so much so that the mere utterance of a statement by one of its denizens is considered sufficient reason for believing the contrary and suspecting the contradictory. My glib-tongued friend and I get on supremely well together, for I have learned to take him with a grain of salt. So while he lies, he is true, true to his reputation, true to form.

It was not always so between us. There was a time when I would give him the benefit of the doubt. But one day he gave me a fascinating account of certain wondrous things he had seen and experienced in China. So real

did he make his recital that I verily glowed with enthusiasm as I urged him, plead with him, prayed him to put it all on paper. He modestly forebore. It was nothing, he explained, to some of the things he could tell. By coincidence I opened a magazine that night to an article on China. With my friend's persuasive account still sounding in my ears, I began to read it. I found, to my more than mild surprise, that it was the same account of persons, places and things that I had heard that afternoon, only rendered less fascinating by the absence of my falsifier's pleasant personality, and by my chagrined conviction of simple-minded gullibility. I charged him with it the next day. He only laughed and asked, "Who wrote it? Was it H—— C——?" And when I told him that it was, he explained easily and without a trace of embarrassment that he had met H—— C—— in Nagasaki, had helped him out of a little trouble, in fact; but that was a story I'd have to wait for; and he had told him his Chinese adventures, just as he had told them to me. "And now he's gone and pirated them, without a word to me. Well, well, it will teach me a lesson."

It taught me one, at any rate. For since then, my good friend has never told a single lie in my presence. For a lie, a real lie, whole, round and successful, connotes the accomplishment of deceit.

I have learned, you see, to regard my friend in the light of "returned traveler." And as Mr. Broun puts it, "From the days of Marco Polo to Joan Lowell's, the public has always granted the returned traveler a license even wider than that allowed to poets." However, we, the public, must insist on the authenticity of their characters as returned travelers. And when the man upstairs pastes a couple of labels on his suit case and comes down of an evening to give us a talk on his life in a Persian igloo, I'll sic the canary on him every time. For while I join Mr. Broun in deploring "the coming of any day when the business of writing is to become wholly the concern of able seamen," I cannot see who else is capable of writing an able seaman's autobiography.

Stevenson comes close to the heart of the matter when, in speaking of opposed journals discussing a political issue, he says, "Lying so open is scarce lying, it is true, but one of the things that we profess to teach our young is a respect for truth; and I cannot think this piece of education will be crowned with any great success, so long as some of us practise and the rest openly approve of public falsehood."

Even to press home the sublimest of truths by fiction, its fictitious character must be revealed.

TO ONE WHO HAS ENDURED MUCH

You have patience like patient flowers
Underneath the parched sun,—
Waiting for the evening,
When the day shall be outrun;

You have patience like little brooks
That sing against their granite walls;
You have patience like small cold animals
Waiting for open doors and firelight that falls.

CLARA A. PFISTER.

REVIEWS

The Mexican Agrarian Revolution. By FRANK TANNENBAUM. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Mexico's Capacity to Pay. By G. BUTLER SHERWELL. Washington: Privately printed.

Mexico. By J. FRED RIPPY, JOSÉ VASCONCELOS, GUY STEVENS. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$1.50.

Mexico's economic situation continues to be a subject of international importance, because of the large holdings in that country by Europeans, and the responsibility of the United States for stability there. At the bottom of the bankruptcy of Mexico lies the half-baked social legislation passed, usually in a mad hurry, by a combination of doctrinaire Socialists and self-seeking politicians. Mr. Tannenbaum, in a volume published by the Institute of Economics of the Brookings Institution, does a real service by presenting a detailed and laborious summary of this legislation as it affects land seizures. Unfortunately, he shows no contact with realities; his descriptions are of what was written, not of what was done. He has no broad and philosophic outlook, and the reader will seek in vain to discover any intelligible account of the underlying motives of the revolution, and of the manner in which it was carried out. The antidote for this is found in Mr. Sherwell's book, in which in five pages (79-84) he presents a truer picture than Mr. Tannenbaum with all his wealth of statistics. In particular, Mr. Sherwell distinguishes crop acreage from other lands, which Mr. Tannenbaum neglects to do, and shows that of this up to 1927 one-half had been confiscated, that only one-eighth of that given to the villages came from foreigners, and only one-fifth came under the head of restitution to villages formerly owning land; these were the two considerations given to justify the seizures. Neither Mr. Sherwell nor Mr. Tannenbaum tells how much of the confiscated land fell to leaders of the revolution, such as Obregon and Calles. Mr. Sherwell, of course, deals with the whole fiscal situation, and his volume is of the most extreme value in view of the fact that Mexico will shortly show an unfavorable trade balance, and come into conflict with its creditors. No student of this situation can afford to neglect his findings. The volume "Mexico" is published in the series "American Policies Abroad." Professor Rippy is vivacious in his story of Mexican-American relations in 1910-1927. His sympathies are clearly with the Social Revolution; he is indignant with Ambassador Wilson's interventions, and calmly accepts the more serious interventions of Presidents Wilson, Harding and Coolidge. José Vasconcelos, who is now running for President, talks as if the Revolution in Mexico was a popular uprising, though he of all men knows better. He makes, however, the significant admission that a "small radical group" was responsible for the foolish legislation of the 1917 Constitution, in a bargain for giving Carranza enlarged powers. Mr. Stevens gives the oil companies' side of the dispute, and confirms the suspicion that they are extremely dissatisfied with the recent so-called "settlement."

W. P.

The Middle Ages. By EDWARD MASLIN HULME. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$4.50.

There are two qualities in this book which give it an unusual excellence. The first is its bibliography; and the second its wealth and timely use of descriptive definitions. The bibliography, captioned "References for Further Reading" is appended to every chapter, and is sensibly printed in the same type as the text. The author's comment on many of these references is valuable. The distinctive merit, however, of this book is the author's skill in succinctly expressing in a sentence or two the very heart of the matter being treated, thus furnishing the reader with a definite proposition, making easy for his understanding the sequence of amplification and analysis that follows. There are, however, certain blemishes that cannot be passed over in silence. The biographies of the "Fathers of the Church," four of the Greek, three of the Latin Fathers, are incomplete and unsatisfying. Such expressions, too, as "the peasant reformer of Galilee," and "the crucified Nazarene" (p. 169), do not come pleasantly before the eyes of the believing and devout Christian. The whole book,

nevertheless, deserves attentive reading, and such a perusal will amply reward the reader. The style is easy and attractive; the subject interesting and valuable. For the clarity and directness of his work, Edward Maslin Hulme is to be complimented.

M. J. S.

Anthony Mundy: An Elizabethan Man of Letters. By CELESTE TURNER. Berkeley, Calif.: University of California Press. \$2.75.

Dramatist and hack writer (1553-1633) "this microcosm," says Miss Turner, "born at the time of Queen Mary's coronation, died eighty years later in the reign of Charles I. Having seen all the glories of Elizabeth and all the grotesques of James." She describes the literary profession in the Elizabethan age as a jumble of genius with second-rate playwrights, penny pamphleteers, and jiggling ballad-makers, and she adds: "Such was the fortune of Anthony Mundy, who was all of those things and more." Present interest in him rests on the fact that he was the vile wretch who betrayed Blessed Edmund Campion, S.J., to his executioners and who wrote the savage anti-Catholic pamphlet part of which was read to the public as a justification, when the martyr Jesuit ascended the scaffold in December, 1581. Mundy was the son of a London draper and developing an early itch for scribbling was apprenticed to a printer with whom he spent six years writing broadside ballads and longing for publicity. To get to the Continent, where English Catholics had been driven by the bigotry of the times, he pretended conversion, and was sent to Rome as seminary student. In Rome as a "Pope's schollar" he received every kindness and consideration which he basely requited when he went back to England by informing on the Englishmen who were the teachers and companions with whom he associated at the seminary. He soon tired of Rome and returning to England in 1578 became "servant to the Right Honorable, the Earle of Oxenforde," and an indefatigable scribbler. To the scant profits of these ventures he added in 1581 the lucrative trade of informer and recusant-hunter setting the hounds of the law on the trails of his former friends and fellow seminarians in Rome. Mundy's "faithful service to her Majestie" in this direction brought about Campion's arrest, at Lyford, July 16, 1581, and the journey to the Tower "with his elbows tied behind his back, his heels linked under the horse's belly and his hat labeled 'Campion the Seditious Jesuit.'" Mundy followed this with five anti-Catholic pamphlets. To his work in these we are now indebted for a picture of the savagery with which the English martyrs were done to death. They fix as well the everlasting infamy of their author.

T. F. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

With the Philosophers.—Though written for a wider reading public than the technical philosopher or student of political science, these last especially will read, if not with approval at least with interest, "Until Philosophers Are Kings" (Oxford University Press. \$4.00) by Roger Chance. The volume is concerned with the political theories of the two great Greek philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, and speculates on the possible application of their ideas to modern State problems. While Mr. Chance admits that in many respects their theories are impractical, on the other hand, as a modern, he finds a startling number of their ideas still vitally important. Written with a view to the political status of the British Commonwealth, nevertheless, American students of political science will also find in it some thought-provoking material, though they will not be in disagreement, especially if they accept the Catholic philosophy of life, with the author's attitude on many topics.

In "Philosophy of the Dusk" (Century. \$2.00), Kain O'Dare offers some thoughts on various aspects of criminals and criminology which will appeal chiefly as his reflections after a long career of crime and several terms of varying length in different State and Federal penitentiaries. While here and there the author, though professedly uneducated, writes with a certain amount of vigor and literary merit, most of his philosophizing is too commonplace to be of widespread interest. In many places its coarseness

becomes offensive. The same thoughts might well have been clothed in less vulgar trappings. In the hope, however, of gaining one or two helpful ideas towards the rehabilitation of the "world of numbered men" with whom many of them have to deal, social workers among reformed criminals may have the patience to go through the volume.

"General Introduction to Ethics" (Macmillan. \$2.75) is a textbook by William Kelley Wright, a professor in Dartmouth College. The author treats his subject both speculatively and practically. In content he touches upon most of the modern ethical problems, and some that are purely matters of convention: in method he follows the contemporary vogue with a view to producing an interesting volume. Withal, however, there is much that appears faulty in the author's processes. Unwarrantedly assuming that ethical principles are but the outcome of Evolution, he confuses in consequence essentials and accidentals. Moreover, Yahweh is but a Jewish "national war god"; the religion and moral outlook of Israel, "savage"; the first wearing of clothing by the human family probably merely as an emotional expression. Faith and trust are identified, not differentiated; sacraments are "miraculous ceremonies." These and similar unscientific statements rather weaken the volume's authority.

The Whitman Myth.—Father Peter J. Paul, O.S.A., is writing some very interesting chapters of the early missionary history of the Northwest for the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. In the issue of June, 1929 he deals with that famous fake, "The Legend of Marcus Whitman." The "Legend" continually crops up with its circumstantial details of the "ride" by which Whitman, as a picturesque rival to those historic horsemen Paul Revere and Philip Sheridan, "saved Oregon to the United States," in spite of the malevolent Jesuits and the British Hudson Bay Company. Father Paul puts in convenient form the facts showing what a myth all this contention is. Other papers in this number of the *Records* are the continuation of the chronicles of the foundation of the Third Order of St. Francis, by a member of the Sisterhood, and a variety of notes for a history of Catholic progress in Northeast Philadelphia by John W. McFadden.

From Protestant Pulpits.—Using a series of talks delivered during Lent 1928 as the basis for his reflections, Bernard Iddings Bell writes "Beyond Agnosticism" (Harper. \$2.00). For those for whom it is meant it should unquestionably do much good, and one is not surprised that the Religious Book Club should have chosen it as one of the recent best books. Having given a splendid picture of contemporary dissatisfaction about things religious, Dr. Bell proceeds to explain their cause and suggests a remedy. Mechanistic philosophy, he tells his readers, has failed to satisfy man's religious yearnings: a religion of humanitarianism can be no substitute for the supernatural: man must have a personal God. Dr. Bell justifies the Incarnation as God's fulfilment of an almost natural need of man, giving him in Christ someone that can easily be loved and followed. While not at all in accord with Catholicism, the author, nevertheless, advocates sacramentalism, devotional prayers, and even asceticism. The Catholic reader will only regret that Dr. Bell does not enjoy what he considers the vision and reality that his own Faith offers.

Under the title "Voices of the Age" (Harper. \$2.50), J. Presley Pound has edited some fifteen sermons from British, Canadian, and American sources. The selection of topics and authors is intended to represent a fair cross-section of what the contemporary non-Catholic pulpit is saying. Both the Fundamentalist and Modernist schools of thought amongst the sects find representation. The contributors include such well-known ministers as Dr. Fosdick, Dean Inge, Bishop McConnell, Henry Sloan Coffin, and the late Bishop Brent. In general the sermons have much to say about the things of this world and relatively little of the next. St. Paul's famous dictum about preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified can hardly be said of these preachments. Dogma is quite generally avoided and considerable emphasis is placed on social problems. Here and there are strong practical

and inspiring thoughts, though often paralleled by petty and foolish pronouncements. In the field of morals approval is given to some of the modern fads that most Christians are still accustomed to consider perversions, and one of the contributions appears to be in rather bad taste.

"Youth and Life" (MacVeagh. \$2.00) is another sermon volume containing talks by the Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, editor of the "Christian Herald" and popular for his Sunday broadcasting on religious topics. Inspiration is the keynote of most of the sermons in the volume either directly addressed to young people or professing to stimulate interest in their problems. Dr. Poling has strong faith in modern youth and writes with sympathy towards them, enforcing his lessons with his own personal experiences. As with so many Protestant pulpit utterances of the day, the author avoids dogmatic discussion so that his sermons lack the force of one speaking "as having authority." Neither is he given to much moralizing, though he does time and again recall parents to their obligations toward their children, and insists on the cultivation of a closer comradeship between them as a panacea for many of the evils decried in the conduct of young people.

"Primitive Man."—The current issue of this quarterly bulletin of the Catholic Anthropological Conference (Catholic University) marks the beginning of the second volume. Instead of the former eight-page issue, each single number is to have sixteen pages. This was voted on at the last conference. The present double issue, Nos. 1 and 2, therefore, contains 32 pages. The Rev. Dr. John M. Cooper's article, "Racial Mentality," gives title to the issue. Dr. Cooper's power of clear synthesis is remarkable. The article deserves the attention of teachers of ethics and psychology to whom the subjoined "Selected Bibliography on Racial Mentality" should prove especially valuable. There are four other articles by missionaries in the field.

The Pamphlet Rack.—A wide variety of subjects is represented in the recent issue of pamphlets with interest centering around the liturgy, apologetics and short biographies. In the latter, the story of the modern mystic "Theresa Neumann: The Passion Flower of Konnersreuth" (Mission Press. 10c.) as told by Frederick M. Lyne, S.V.D., is sure to catch the eye by its bold, vivid representation of one of the interesting phenomena which have focused attention on this strange girl. "Three Irish Nuns" (Catholic Truth Society of Canada. 5c.) is a reprint of a lecture delivered by the Rev. John J. O'Gorman on Nano Nagle, the Foundress of the Presentation Nuns, the Venerable Mary Aikenhead, Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity, and Catherine McAuley, the Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy. The National Catholic Bureau of Information, Huntington, Ind., publishes a useful "Chronology of the Life of 'Pastor' Chiniquy" (10c. each). This information should be on hand for easy reference and as an example of method for collecting similar data.

"Marry Your Own" (Queen's Work. 10c.) is a clear, direct discussion of the problem of mixed marriage by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. In the same practical, good-humored and interesting style that has made Father Lord's other pamphlets so popular, this pocket-sized booklet presents convincing arguments and sound advice. The same author has written an appeal to Catholics of the United States for leadership in Mission activity. "Forward America" (Jesuit Mission Press. 10c.) is the first of a series of inspirational pamphlets on missionary interests. In the "Nickel Books" issued by the Paulist Press the following have been included: "The Terrors of Being Engaged" by Ada McCormick; "Marriage Problems" by Martin J. Scott, S.J.; the "Ordinary of the Mass" prepared by a Paulist Father.

Teachers of Catechism may gather profit and worth-while suggestions from the following: "Christian Doctrine Drills" (Hansen. 35c. a copy); "Chalk Talks on Teaching Catechism Graphically" (Queen's Work. 15c.) by James F. O'Connor, S. J., and William Hayden, S.J.; "A Graphic Study of the Bible" (Queen's Work. 20c.) by Jerome V. Jacobsen, S.J. This is a three-color map giving the history of the Bible in graphs and explaining by text the origin and development of the Bible.

Lone Voyagers. The Cloudy Porch. Strange Moon. The May Day Mystery. Splendor of God.

The struggles and trials of a professor in an American university are listed with meticulous care by Wanda Fraiken Neff in "Lone Voyagers" (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), a story which purports to portray the relentless grind and the unprofitable strivings of an ambitious student who is forced through poverty to rent his talents to one of "these preposterous factories" which are called an American university. A young wife, who seconds her husband's ambitions and contributes many of her own, spends much time in self-pity and useless regret because her own talents and those of her scholarly mate must remain fallow for such a long time. Much has been written of late about our educational system, but it has been chiefly from the viewpoint of the undergraduate. This revelation of "the tragic currents that stir beneath the placid surface of professors' lives" is not without interest and importance. It is, however, rather unfortunate that petty complaints should receive so much emphasis, and the high ideals of teaching as a profession should be almost completely overlooked.

Until the stage is set for the action that makes up "The Cloudy Porch" (Herder, \$2.00), one is apt to find the story hard reading. After that, however, Constance Mary Le Plastrier tells a romantic tale, set partly in England and partly in Australia, with plenty of action, fine character sketching, a good Catholic tone, and wholesome, though not in any sense forced, moralizing on a number of important contemporary topics. The villain of the plot is a vindictive, jealous old lady who has had her schemes realized only to find in the end that she is unhappy and that fate double-crosses her. The male roles in the drama are particularly well done. At times the story becomes highly dramatic and only here and there does it weaken. Where theology enters the authoress is generally faultless; however, in discussing priestly and religious vocations (p. 269) she has momentarily slipped.

"Strange Moon" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00) is T. S. Stribling's contribution to the list of light summer reading. It belongs to that class of literature which is characterized as picaresque. There is the Venezuelan thick forest with its lurking constrictors, the rich oil field of disputed ownership, the slick and sleek villain and the fascinating dancing girl, who after all is not really a peon's daughter, and there is the young American engineer, a most convenient person, and the inevitable secret service agent. With such a cast to act out a Venezuelan adventure one anticipates action, color and romance sufficient for a delightful summer holiday. The promise is well fulfilled, if one does not take it all more seriously than does the author himself.

The jaded business man who wants an evening's distraction from the worries of the day will find that Octavus Roy Cohen offers him a fascinating story that will engage his interest in "The May Day Mystery" (Appleton, \$2.00). The plot revolves around the solution of a murder done on a Southern college campus, and a bank robbery occurring in the neighboring town about the same time. The Bankers Protective Association sends Cohen's unique detective, Mr. James H. Hanvey, to uncover the bank robber. To the reader's surprise he also uncovers the collegian's assassin, though before his work is over one of the professors and two of the students find themselves in compromising situations.

Honoré Willis Morrow discovers a romantic quality in the story of Adoniram Judson, a Baptist missionary who goes to Burma with his prudent and helpful little wife, Ann Judson, where both of them have many dramatic experiences. Though in some ways a departure from the author's favorite theme, "Splendor of God" (Morrow, \$2.50) still holds to the usual Morrow thesis exalting the unconquerable Puritan spirit, with a disappointing concession of weakness in the heroic Adoniram who for a time feels the strong attraction toward the beliefs of Buddhism. With a truly feminine touch, the author seems to make Ann Judson the outstanding figure of the story. Her friendliness, her tact, her diplomacy do more for the establishment and advance of the mission than all Adoniram's blundering militancy. However, the intrepid crusader holds the admiration of the author and wins her deep sympathy in the face of tragedy. Under her aegis, he emerges a truly human and appealing figure.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Father Reville

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I read with great regret, in the issue of AMERICA for August 3, of the death of Father Reville on July 19. I feel that I wish to pay my tribute to his worth to someone who knew him.

Shortly after the Armistice, while I was Chairman of Art for the Woman's Press Club, I secured him to speak at our Art Day reception held at the Waldorf-Astoria. We had several other noted speakers, but Father Reville was the outstanding figure of the program. He spoke on French cathedrals, and no one who heard him will ever forget the eloquence and beauty of his address. I feel that the void he leaves cannot even be appreciated except by the very few. It cannot be filled in our lifetime.

Brooklyn.

MARY G. MANAHAN.

Mr. Andrews on Maryland History

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I trust I may be permitted to correct some errors appearing in your issue of July 20 anent my recent "History of Maryland, Province and State."

In the first place, the reviewer refers to me as "Professor," when as a matter of fact I am merely an humble disciple of Clío working independently of any formal institution of learning. I have never qualified for the title.

Again, I did not prepare any "four-volume Tercentenary History." Only one of these "Tercentenary" volumes was written by me. I should greatly dislike being held responsible for the three volumes of material added to the narrative proper. I never even saw it, prior to publication.

So much for out-and-out errors. Other comments in this notice seem to be mistaken. If "J. L. F." will but communicate with me, I should be glad to correct any errors of statement or change any statements that create misapprehension for the new edition now in prospect.

What may be called his "ecclesiastical" criticisms are particularly puzzling—for all of these paragraphs and chapters were passed upon by high authorities in the priesthood of the Catholic Church—though not, perhaps, by representatives of the Order with which Lord Baltimore had disputation. The writer believes that the Projector (George Calvert) and the Founder of Maryland (Cecil Calvert) were two of the greatest figures in world history; and he believes, furthermore, that the records he has brought to bear in the case sustain this opinion. He believes that the second Lord Baltimore was clearly right in his numerous controversies, except, perhaps, in his desire to limit the prerogatives of the General Assembly.

I cannot understand the unsupported intimation of the reviewer that I "pour out" the "old liquid of the partisan, exploded theses of Bradley T. Johnson and James Walter Thomas." As a matter of fact, I am not conscious of using the "theses" of either of these writers. I worked from original sources almost without reference to anyone but Bozman, Scharf, and Bishop Russell, and a few other writers who seem to have had access to papers now lost.

And this reminds me that I made grateful use of Father Strate-meier's findings on Captain Cornwallis, and yet I am accused of giving this fine character "cavalier" treatment. Frankly, I don't understand.

I thank the reviewer for his kind words about my "industry" in compiling and setting forth "a great multitude of interesting items of information"; and I want to thank him particularly for one constructive criticism of obvious merit. I did not specifically mention the "controversy on double taxation of Catholics in 1751," albeit I referred to all previous legislation hostile to Cath-

olics, as passed under the Anglican regime. The review, however, would unjustly give the impression that I suppressed such things, whereas I tried my best, through frequent consultations with able men of different sympathies, to rise above petty prejudices of any character whatsoever. If there be merit in the volume, I feel it belongs as much to the consideration of these readers as to my own "industry" in searching the archives.

A professor-priest-historian of a Catholic college wrote me as follows:

The story of Maryland, as you give it, continues in the same lofty strain as that in which the other mss. you sent me was written. It is really intense in its interest, splendidly written, and full of sympathy. And sympathy, as I believe I remarked to you, is, in my opinion, positively necessary in order that one may do justice to a subject. I don't mean, of course, sympathy of a maudlin or extreme character; but a sensible sympathy.

Some of your reflections on and judgments passed on the ideas governing the founders of the three earliest Anglo-American colonies, and the principles involved in their foundation, I think capital. They are illuminating, and will, I feel quite sure, put an end to some of this "bosh" to which we are treated from time to time.

This is, perhaps, the other side of the shield, a glimpse of which may be appreciated by my numerous friends among your readers.

Baltimore.

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

1. I gratefully accept Mr. Andrews' corrections as to his proper title and his absence of connection with the remaining volumes of the "Tercentenary History of Maryland." The expression "four-volume history" was a slip of the pen on my part.

2. It is not this reviewer, but Mr. Andrews himself who stresses the "ecclesiastical" issue, to such an extent as to make adequate correction of his history probe rather deeply.

3. That every legitimate honor be paid to the memory of the second Lord Baltimore is my most earnest prayer. We are informed, however, by Mr. Andrews himself that Baltimore's "unalterable determination to establish this principle [separation of Church and State] and his ultimate triumph [over the Jesuits] may be said to constitute his *chief title to eminence among the immortals*" (italics mine). I think that the great Cecilius has sufficient title to glory without recourse to such uncertain laurels.

4. Whether or not conscious thereof, or whether he actually *used* these authors, in point of fact he does maintain a very pronounced theory with regard to the Baltimore-Jesuit controversy, which is in complete accord with the ideas of General Johnson, followed by J. W. Thomas and W. H. Browne: the theory that the second Lord Baltimore, in his contest with the Jesuits, was vindicating the principles of civic liberty. "Baltimore pressed his policy that the Common Law of England should be the law for everybody in Maryland, lay and ecclesiastical, and no great estates should grow up in mortmain, to be a future menace to the liberties and free institutions of the province" (Bradley T. Johnson: "The Foundation of Maryland" p. 63; quoted by J. W. Thomas, "Chronicles," etc., p. 87 ff.). To Mr. Andrews' words quoted in my review, other passages can be added, showing his espousal of this theory, e. g., "The Jesuits' method of acquiring land, with its decidedly irregular civil aspects in regard to the prerogatives of Lord Baltimore . . ." (p. 100). "Sundry of the Jesuits . . . almost wrecked the whole venture by insistently demanding special privileges of the Provincial Government, including the maintenance in America of the Old World custom of acquiring great temporal possessions on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church, together with prerogatives and powers without their accompanying responsibilities and obligations: in other words, a private system of government more or less independent of the public or official Government of the Province" (p. 104); and so on.

5. I hold that this "thesis" is "partisan," since it builds up a case against one of the parties, without doing justice to the ostensible basis of their contention; and "exploded," since after more than forty years of discussion, no definite proof has been produced to sustain the weight of its positive assertions. Bishop

Russell, whom Mr. Andrews cites as one of his main secondary sources, found it, as did Mr. Andrews, "wrapped in considerable mystery"; and uttered some curious inconsistencies in its regard.

6. Mr. Andrews' characterization of Cornwallis takes its effect from what the historian has already made known as his own measuring-stick for Colonial statesmanship, viz., opposition to Jesuit "encroachment." Of him Mr. Andrews writes (italics mine): "Because he conscientiously put first and foremost the age-old and then generally accepted 'Immunetys and Privileges' of the Church, he *failed to envisage* the modern ideal of the supremacy of the civil authority in temporal matters. . . . He *did not perceive* that special privileges in temporal things, if granted," etc. Why the Captain's naive inability to appreciate Baltimore's political wisdom? The reason is mentioned in a footnote: "Cornwallis wrote to Baltimore: 'Your Lordship knows my security of Contiens [conscience] was the first condition that I expected from this Government.'"

7. I still hold that the references to anti-Catholic legislation are not sufficient to give the average reader a fair picture of the extent to which these long-continued disabilities ate into the public and private lives of so many of Maryland's best citizens, thereby affecting the life of the Commonwealth. Surely this could be done without reviving any spirit of religious bitterness.

As for the judgment of others who have examined the book, I am recording only my own impressions.

New York.

J. L. F.

Tros Tyriusve—

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Our modern puritan has this in common with his Roundhead spiritual forebear: to him, pleasure connotes peccancy, mirth means moral laxity, and laughter is synonymous with lewdness; a hearty laugh makes him positively (or negatively) squirm. He reasons that anything taken for the good of one's body or soul must be nauseous to be efficacious; so when he learns that a degree of popularity has been attained by an innocuous malt tonic his immediate reaction is one of pained surprise, and straightway he sets himself the task of suppressing its pleasing features. For one must not like one's tonic; it must be repugnant to be assimilated. But, what to do? Ah, by increasing its "solid" content from twelve to eighteen per cent, it can be made sufficiently thick to be abhorrent. This he decrees by his officious arm, and this is ordered by his official arm, the Federal dry unit.

What cares he for finical argumentation proving that one must imbibe twenty-five bottles of the tonic (at twenty-five cents the bottle) in order to surround one-half pint of alcohol? Out upon such logic! His not to reason why; his but to goad 'em dry! *Triple sec Hundred!*

But hold! what's this—can we credit our senses?

The press tells us that dour Dr. Doran, having virtuously knocked the bottom out of the malt-tonic business, now smiles strangely, and with singular warmth, on the grape growers. We learn that representatives of California grape growers' associations appealed to President Hoover in behalf of that State's crop, and lo! Dr. Doran issues a non-interference order to enforcement officers in respect of grapes and their "concentrates." "Concentrates," we are told, may legally contain more than the one-half of one per cent of alcohol, the *fiat* or Volsteadian limit decreed for other beverages. They need only to be non-intoxicating "in fact," and so, since nobody knows what this means, everybody directly and indirectly connected with grapes breathes a sigh of relief, and proceeds to realize on his grape holdings.

Of course, it is idle to look for reason or logic in all this, since reasonable propositions and logical conclusions are viewed askance by prohibitionists, official as well as just officious. One may surmise, however, that few hops are grown in California, and that the hop growers of Wisconsin should feel properly contrite over their State's recent gesture in defiance of hypocrisy. To modernize an old slogan: Millions for deceit, but not one cent for candor!

Wilson, Pa.

JEROME BLAKE.